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ONCE MORE THE UNYIELDING MAN in the White House has shown that he can be turned and twisted like any town alderman. On December 9 Mr. Coolidge wrote to the editors of the *Army and Navy Journal*, in reply to that journal's insistent demand for more cruisers, that "my views are epitomized in the annual message and budget message presented to Congress this week. I am convinced the estimates submitted provide adequately for the services; and economic [!] administration will . . . maintain the navy in a high state of efficiency." The day this letter appeared in the press the strong man was waited upon by members of the House Naval Affairs Committee, whereupon he forgot all about his messages, "economic" administration, his program of economy, and his pledge to stand by the budget estimates, and consented not only to the three cruisers which he himself had held up since 1924 but also to a new program for building ten more new cruisers at the enormous cost of $105,000,000. Thus Economy Cal! It is represented that new facts presented to Mr. Coolidge suddenly convinced him that we were dropping to fourth place in the cruiser race; at any rate he who declared on December 7 that "No navy in the world, with one exception, approaches ours and none surpasses it," and on December 8 that to begin work on even three cruisers "would be unfortunate at this time and not in keeping with our attitude toward these [disarmament] negotiations" has joined the ballyhoo for international competition in cruisers. It is stated that this is to be a warning to Great Britain and Japan that "the United States is ready to keep pace with them." Which reminds us that it was Calvin Coolidge who on October 26, 1925, at Omaha, declared that "in spite of all arguments in favor of great military forces, no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure its victory in time of war." The President, evidently, has neither the power to think clearly nor the backbone to carry out his own policies.

BEFORE THE FALL-DOHENY acquittal fades out of the public mind we must protest against the assumption that the Executive or any of his assistants has the right to withhold facts from any court whatsoever. The Executive has the constitutional right to withhold from Congress information the publication of which it deems inimical to the public welfare, but we have never heard that an official has the right to conceal facts when they are demanded by a court in a regular judicial procedure. That the judge in the Fall-Doheny case refused to insist upon the production of the Gleaves documents upon which the alleged Japanese war scare was based reflects gravely upon his conduct of the case besides establishing a precedent which lawyers must recognize as extremely dangerous. It is an unfortunate coincidence that Secretary Wilbur, who took this high-handed position, comes from the same California town in which Doheny was a leading figure when Mr. Wilbur began his career; that he was only recently chief justice of California makes his action still more regrettable. The suppression of the Gleaves reports together with Mr. Coolidge's sudden plan to build thirteen more cruisers can only have unfortunate echoes in Japan.

THE SITUATION AS TO MEXICO hourly grows more serious. Secretary Kellogg threatens that if President Calles does not yield before January 1 the United States will withdraw recognition, raise the embargo on the export of arms to Mexico, and refuse all American credits. This means a deliberate effort to overthrow a neighboring government. Lifting the arms embargo can only mean that the Government intends to look with a blind eye upon expeditions against Mexico organized in America. Such action is sure to rally the Mexicans to Calles and to put him in a stronger position than he now holds. Instead of toppling him, as intended, it might make him impregnable. Still worse for the American oil interests—whose obedient ally Mr. Kellogg, erstwhile prosecutor of the Standard Oil, has now become—may be the reaction from such a policy. It may lead, in retaliation, to still more radical action against their properties. Overthrow of Calles, on the other hand, could only produce years of chaos and bloodshed, which might satisfy Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Sheffield, but would hardly produce dividends on Mexican oil holdings. Stockholders may well contrast the defiant American attitude with the acceptance of the new order by some of the English oil companies. If the American oil men are wise they will decide before the New Year to follow suit.

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LET US BEGIN THE NEW YEAR with a vote of thanks to the Senate for defeating on a point of order General Andrews's request for a $500,000 appropriation for his "under-cover men" in the prohibition-enforcement army. This money was intended to be used secretly, and without accounting, for government spies, go-betweens, and agents provocateurs. We are for honest enforcement of the Volstead Act as long as it is on the statute-books—in contrast to our good friend, Clarence Darrow, who wishes to kill it by civil disobedience. But we have no more use for underhand spy work than anybody else. In the prohibition battle it is, first of all, unnecessary, because there are any number of open offenders who ought to be tackled at once. In the second place, this secret underhand spying is almost always undertaken by scoundrels or by men who, if they are not scoundrels when they begin, speedily become so. It is almost on a par with the most degrading police practice of all—the paying of policemen to cohabit with street women and then to prosecute them. We want General Andrews to show that the government is superior to the bootleggers and their criminal tribe; but as a beginning let the government itself be above the dirty business of the snooper and the spy.

WE HOPE that the Senate will now promptly ratify two treaties—that abolishing poison gas and the pact with Turkey. Senator Borah has thrown himself into the fight for the former with courage and determination. In the face of protests from the American Legion and many chemists—all of whom were doubtless horrified when Germany began her "barbarous" chemical warfare—General Pershing, as the fair, honest, and just fighter he is known to be, has come out against poison gas. If we decline to join the other nations in barring poison gas we shall make hypocritical our insistence that we are for genuine disarmament. As for the treaty with Turkey, that does nothing more than ratify the existing status and simplify it by permitting the resumption of regular diplomatic relations. We are aware that men and women of conscience oppose ratification on sincerely held grounds. They see in acceptance of the treaty approval of all the acts of past and present Turkish governments of which public opinion disapproves. We cannot agree, and the majority of the Americans living and working in Turkey as business men or missionaries also favor ratification. The best way for the United States to aid Turkey to the right kind of position in the family of nations is to enter into those treaty relations which make for peace and give us an opportunity to influence Turkey as a friend.

GERMANY'S MINORITY CABINET has been forced out. It was a "center coalition," and could carry on only when the Socialists on the Left or the Nationalists on the Right supported it. This time the Nationalists wanted a thoroughgoing Right orientation while the Socialists denounced it for tolerating the secret enlargement of the Reichswehr disclosed in the recent Feme trials. Readers of *The Nation* will recall Louis Fischer's article, Is Germany Disarmed? in our issue of October 20. Secret organizations of reactionaries have drilled openly in Germany; real republicans have been barred from the army of the German Republic by its monarchist officers; political murders even have been committed by secret organizations led by Reichswehr officers. If the High Command has not been aware of these machinations it has been culpably negligent—and the Socialists who forced these issues on the attention of an unwilling Reichstag deserve credit as truer German patriots than those who, concealing facts, have increased foreign suspicions. The old Cabinet will carry on until after the holidays. Meanwhile a new uncertainty reigns in Eastern Europe, because of the Lithuanian coup d'etat. A reactionary military clique has ousted the Cabinet which had negotiated a friendly treaty with Russia, and the suspicion naturally arises that Poland's dictator, Pilsudski, has or will have a finger in the pie.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES has passed a compromise bill dealing with the alien property and American claims against Germany. It will return 80 per cent of the sequestrated property, giving to the owners certificates for the other 20 per cent, entitling them to share in payments made to the United States under the Dawes Plan, apart from the Rhine army costs. The Americans holding claims against Germany are to receive payment for 70 per cent of their claims now, taking certificates for the balance. The unallocated interest fund, accumulated down to March 4, 1923, amounting to $26,000,000, is to be used for the American claimants, the original alien owners to receive certificates in return. This is an improvement on the original administration bill, which provided for outright confiscation of the interest, but we must express astonishment at the statement in the President's message that we have "scrupulously observed" the principle that private property may not be confiscated in time of war. Has the President heard of the Chemical Foundation case, even more outrageous because it took place after the armistice? Inasmuch as the owners of the sequestrated property, and of the ships, radios, and patents taken over by the Government itself, are glad to take what a niggardly government will permit them to have, the bill probably deserves support in the Senate. But it would make our national record a little more savory if the United States undertook to guarantee the certificates against any default in the Dawes Plan. We owe the money; why not promise to pay it ourselves?

WHO CAN VALUE UTILITIES? Can a federal judge, linked by family ties with the traction company upon whose rates he is passing judgment, throw out the testimony of as eminent an authority as Delos F. Wilcox, on the specious plea of company counsel that Mr. Wilcox was not an engineer and had never worked for a street-railway company? In the Denver Tramways Company case, to be heard soon on appeal by the United States Supreme Court, Judge Robert E. Lewis made such a ruling when a special master rendered his report after months of testimony. The city's case was virtually nullified, but the newly elected Klan administration, with Rice W. Means as City Attorney, continued impassive, having failed to criticize in any way the master's high valuation or to protest against Judge Lewis's family connections and expressions of prejudice. Public-utility valuation is an intricate subject, full of moot points, involving economics, accounting, engineering, and, above all, public policy. It calls preeminently for a mind which can correlate these many aspects and arrive at a comprehensive judgment. In the course of his wide experience in public-utility matters Delos Wilcox was chosen by the post-war Federal Electric Railways Commission to analyze the voluminous testimony given before it; and the commission styled his analysis "a complete and masterful

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study of the whole electric-railway problem." Various other authoritative experts who have appeared for the cities are, fortunately, the product neither of engineering schools nor of company employment. Judge Lewis's decision, if allowed to stand, would bar such men and make valuation and rate hearings field-days for the companies.

HOW MUCH MONEY do "white-collar" workers receive? The most recent and comprehensive answer is from the Massachusetts Department of Labor and Industries, covering a survey as of May 1, 1926, of 1,075 establishments in representative districts of the State. The number of persons classifiable as office workers was found to be 22,427, of whom 36.5 per cent were men and 63.5 were women. This is about 12 per cent of the total number of office workers disclosed by the federal census of 1920. The Massachusetts survey reveals a sharp difference between the earnings of men and women and some decidedly low averages for large groups of the latter. Among men 6.4 per cent receive less than $16 a week, 13.7 per cent less than $20, 25.4 per cent less than $25, 40.1 per cent less than $30, 67.8 per cent less than $40, 81.7 per cent less than $50, and 18.3 per cent $50 or more. Among women 13.7 per cent receive less than $16 a week, 38.4 per cent less than $20, 70.4 per cent less than $25, 89.2 per cent less than $30, and 98 per cent less than $40! Various morals suggest themselves; the reader may pick his own. We are content merely to compare the returns of these "white-collar" employees, generally unorganized, with the earnings of 824,313 union workers in the United States, employed in the building trades, in printing and publishing, in baking, on street railways, in laundries, and as teamsters, chauffeurs, or longshoremen. These earnings, as given by the federal Department of Labor for the year ended with last June, averaged $52.12 for a full-time week. There's a difference. Can any bright boy guess why?

THE POLICE HAVE WON the strike of the textile workers of Passaic, New Jersey—for the strikers. With the signing of an agreement between the Botany Consolidated Mills and the union this bitter industrial controversy of a year's duration is virtually settled, for, although some companies have not yet capitulated, the surrender of the most influential employing group undoubtedly fixes the terms which the others will eventually accept. The 10 per cent cut in wages—already at the impoverishing level of $12 to $22 a week—which precipitated the strike has been rescinded, and the workers have won in addition collective bargaining, recognition of their organization, and preference for union members in reinstatement. The workers have not obtained the closed shop, a wage increase, nor reduced hours, but the last two demands were not put forward for any except bargaining purposes. And to celebrate the victory what could be more appropriate than that the union should spread a banquet and invite as honorary guests the Sheriff of Bergen County, the police chiefs of Passaic and Garfield, and other administrative and judicial officials whose lawlessness and brutality raised the strike from a local protest of unorganized and inarticulate aliens to a national fight for civil liberties and common decency?

SO WE PROPOSE A TOAST to the various bullies and buffoons in high places who imagined they were helping the employers by permitting the clubbing of peaceful pickets, the breaking up of lawful meetings, and the promulgation of an absurd edict of "martial law," whereas in fact they created a nationwide moral and financial support for the strike and a determination and devotion among the strikers without which the struggle would have been abandoned and forgotten months ago. Although begun by a helpless and almost voiceless group of workers, the strike has been one of the most eloquent and resounding conflicts in recent years. Ignored if not scorned at the outset by the national union of the trade, the United Textile Workers, the strikers rallied under communist leadership but eventually won their way to organization and protection under the American Federation of Labor. It is inspiring also to reflect that a press and public which are apathetic to many wrongs have been singularly responsive to the cry of oppression from Passaic and did not dismiss it after a few brief weeks in the preoccupation of other matters. But we must not forget that a dozen prisoners still suffer in Jersey jails on what seem to be outlandishly impossible charges of using bombs in the strike. They must be freed and those who tortured and beat them must be prosecuted before we can leave the battlefield of Passaic—for another.

THERE ARE DOMAINS which science should not enter —or at least where the thought of its entrance is appalling. For example, a man today may sit in the privacy of his bedroom—even in the ultra-privacy of his bed, and, thanks to the wonderful invention of the telephone, may carry on a conversation with the most beautiful lady he knows. He may have laid his wig on the wig-stand; his pajamas may be minus their top button; there is, in short, no limit to the possible extent of his dishabille, but the colloquy may be of the utmost propriety and decorum. Science, however, intrudes; the television apparatus makes it possible for the image of the telephone speaker to be conveyed simultaneously with his voice. Privacy is gone, comfort is gone, the early hours of the morning are lost in primping and preening, all in order to carry on a short conversation over the telephone.

THE INVENTORS OF THE TELEPHOTE, of course, have no designs on a man's privacy. They plan for the image of a baseball game or a peace conference to be conveyed as speeches now are transmitted over the radio. They picture images of the opera, bright lights, gorgeous costumes, the tenor, the basso, the contralto, the lyric soprano with her golden hair in a braid down her back, floating into the family sitting-room along with the music. A desideratum indeed, for those who care for opera; just so with the prize-fight, the symphony orchestra, the Kiwanis banquet, the bedtime story of the benevolent rabbit and squirrel. But there is no guaranty that the benefits of the telephote will end with the transmittal of public activities. The inventors have imperiled the home. Nor is this the only direction from which it is threatened. In New York City a skyscraper 110 stories in height has been builded in the brain of an architect; its site has been chosen, plans for it have been filed, there remains only a question of time before it begins to hurl its steel girders into the clouds. The caverns in which pedestrians move about are becoming even darker and colder; the sun never enters. The New York home is increasingly lighted by artificial light and warmed far from the beneficent rays of the sun. Invention has made New York a city of cave-dwellers.

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Government by Crooks?

ARE we headed for that? The question inevitably suggests itself when we read of the acquittal of ex-Secretary Fall and Mr. Doheny and recall the escape of former Attorney General Daugherty and the former Alien Property Custodian, Thomas W. Miller, because of a "hung" jury. We admit in both cases the difficulty of proving conspiracy. That is technical and anything but easy to get over to a jury. Yet the fact remains that the Fall-Doheny jurymen were apparently moved by maudlin sentiment for a gray-haired, broken-down old promoter and his Cabinet ally, Fall, the man who had been his pal in the hard-pan days of their youth.

For some days the friendliness of the jury to the defendants had been so manifest that the reporters prophesied an acquittal. The lawyer for the accused admitted that his client Fall had lied about the $100,000 note in order to protect Doheny: "Lie? Of course he lied and every red-blooded man in New Mexico is proud of it." There was no denying the $100,000 transaction, or its juxtaposition to the Doheny lease of the naval oil reserve, or that this secret transaction about which Fall so proudly lied was anything but an above-board business deal. There was no denying that such a personal relationship between a public official and a public bidder was grossly improper and indefensible. But by means of mushy sentimentality; the apotheosis of frontier morals; an absurd naval scare that could never be substantiated; an appeal to gaze upon Mrs. Fall, "daughter of the matrons of Sparta and Rome" and "a mother of the West who in the sunset of life has taken her place by the side of her husband," and the delicate suggestion not to lift the shroud of a dead President, the jury was blinded to its duty and led to free the defendants. On both sides counsel resorted to the acts of the legal blatherskite and the government's performers came off second best.

We do not hesitate to brand this a miscarriage of justice; for every essential issue in this case has already been adjudicated. The United States District Court in Los Angeles has declared: (1) that the actions of these two men were shrouded in secrecy in order to conceal them and to deceive Congress and the public; (2) that the conspiracy between Fall and Doheny is proved; (3) that Doheny's company was a specially favored bidder; (4) that Doheny and Fall were in cahoots as to the royalties. That court was clearly of the opinion—since upheld by the Court of Appeals, and now before the Supreme Court—that "the injury that has been done the nation, as well as the distrust of public officers that it has caused cannot be overestimated." What would it say now as to the extent of that injury in view of a jury's acquitting where the facts were so clear to it and the first court of review? We are aware, of course, that these two defendants may still be tried for bribery (a charge, it would seem, easier to prove than conspiracy)—and may receive their punishment for that—but the net result of the verdict is surely to increase throughout the United States the belief that there exists one kind of justice for rich men and another for the poor; that if you only steal a large enough sum you are safe; that if you are a poor wretch who has just stolen, for the fourth time, a sum, say, of fifty dollars you may go to jail for life, as has actually happened in New York under the Baumes law. Why should people think differently with this appalling record? "High-grade lawyers," it seems, can accomplish anything.

Why should the people feel differently when in addition they read that in defiance of public decency and elemental morality the Governor of Illinois, himself ordered by an Illinois court to pay back $1,000,000 to the State Treasury for illegal State expenditures during his incumbency, has just appointed Senator-elect Frank L. Smith to the United States Senate to fill the brief unexpired term of the late Senator McKinley? Warned by their own party leaders not to let this take place, both Governor Small and Mr. Smith defied their party as well as the decency of the Senate. This man who, as chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, "shook down" the public-utilities magnates in his State for contributions to his primary campaign funds running above a hundred thousand dollars, is not to wait until March 4 to present his credentials; he is to be seated at once if the Governor has his way—as if to do the bidding of the man who helped him to buy his seat. He is not even to await the findings of the Senate committee headed by Senator Reed which has inquired into the circumstances of his primary campaign. The Senate and public opinion alike are to be flouted with a brazen indecency unparalleled in recent history.

Well, the gauntlet is flung down and the issue is whether we are to be governed by and for and with crooks. That it is, whether Colonel Smith's soul is as white as snow and he is so steeped in rectitude as to be unaffected by that public-utility money and its implications, or whether he is there as the bond-servant of the donors. We have been through an orgy of corruption in high office and also of the purchasing of such office on a scale not even surpassed in the Administration of President Grant. If the Ohio gang is to go scot-free, if men about whose huge campaign receipts there can be no question are to be seated in the Senate, then let us at least cease to be hypocritical. Let us admit to all the world that we have sunk to as low an estate as any Central American republic.

The escape of Fall, Doheny, Daugherty, and their tribe is not what matters. The nation could afford even to lose its richest oil-fields if it learned its lesson. To punish a half dozen sinners would not alter the system under which they reached high office and aided one another in corruption. The menace lies in the fact that the nation still sleeps; that business men feel relieved that the system has not been upset; that jurors see nothing wrong when Cabinet secretaries secretly accept hundred-thousand-dollar gifts from old pals who happen to be oil magnates, and give away the public lands; that our national conscience has been numbed.

Governor Small and Colonel Smith at least seem to have dug their own grave. The Washington dispatches report that if Mr. Smith presents his credentials not ten Senators will vote for him. If true, let us be grateful for that. If there is any other outcome in this and the Vare case, if juries continue to free men who have soiled the United States Cabinet itself with their corruption, let us haul down the Stars and Stripes from the Capitol, hoist the black flag with a dollar mark on it, and proclaim our shame to all the world.

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Epicures in Crime

THE Fall-Doheny acquittal suggests not only that we Americans have no passionate aversion to government by crooks, as indicated in an accompanying editorial, but also that we are becoming epicures in crime. We delight in —or at least we accept complacently—whatever is elegant, refined, and served on silver platters, at the same time that we turn savagely upon that which is crude, commonplace, or outmoded. If we are not becoming epicures—not to say snobs—in crime, how does it happen that in an era of striking public indifference toward political corruption and dishonest business transactions we are witnessing a spectacular outburst against such simple, old-fashioned crimes as burglary and highway robbery? It is not just a case of the rich man against the poor man. When the rich man is so ill-advised as to commit an unrefined crime we pursue him as relentlessly as if he were poor, although of course his money buys a better defense, and when it comes to hanging there is undoubtedly a feeling in the average juryman's noddle that a noose chafes a neck used to a greasy shirtband less than one coddled with a white collar. That wealth is no blanket protection against militant American morality is proved by our intolerance toward the Countess Karolyi who broke our First Commandment, "Thou shalt not commit radicalism"; and our treatment of the Countess Cathcart, who violated one of the higher numbered commandments—chiefly, perhaps, the eleventh, which reads, "And above all thou shalt not be found out."

Epicures in crime? If not that, how can Americans take so indifferently—even jocosely—the doings of our political and commercial gunmen and at the same time grow so hysterical over the acts of the old-fashioned revolver brandishers? The New York courts have been unable to convict Daugherty and Miller, but the State recently enacted in the Baumes law a code of increased vigor against the criminal resorting to older and more vulgar methods. According to this law a judge is required to send a man to prison for life if convicted of a felony four times, without reference to any mitigating circumstances, and the prisoner is deprived of any opportunity for parole. Thus a certain Negro, amiable in his cups, who for the fourth time in his life appropriated an automobile and went off for a stolen joy ride, was sentenced to life imprisonment; another whose record was sixty days in 1919 for third-degree burglary, sixty days in 1920 for petty larceny, two years in 1924 for third-degree burglary, and who was so unfortunate as to get into a fight with one of his fellow-stevedores and be arrested for assault, also will spend his life in prison. These are not desperate criminals, yet they receive the sentences usually allotted to such and the State prisons now are reported to be virtually filled. Formerly it was easier to plead guilty and rely on the possible leniency of the judge; now criminals stand trial in the hope of a jury disagreement. From June 30 to November 15 the number of indictments increased almost 100 per cent, although the same months in 1925 showed only a 10 per cent increase.

The Baumes law was intended to put the fear of jail—if not of God—into the heart of the unaristocratic criminal, but six months' experience with the above provision has called forth vigorous public disapproval from two district attorneys, several judges, and some of the leading newspapers. Yet the community at large, in violation of all that centuries of experience with penology should have taught, has been stampeded into a belief that cruel and long punishments are a protection against crime. Contemplation of this state of mind has led Heywood Broun to say in the New York *World* that "the community has hardened its heart against the criminal. And also," he adds, "softened its head." That our sudden fury against the old-fashioned criminal is unintelligent is demonstrated by the historical evidence that a reduction in crimes of violence has gone hand in hand with a lessening in the severity of punishment and an increased respect in the community for the sacredness of human life.

The importance of increasing rather than lessening the respect for human life makes it especially tragic that the hysteria which in New York has led to some of the exaggerations of the Baumes law has produced agitation for the restoration of capital punishment in at least two States where it is now happily non-existent. One of the most progressive aspects of criminal law in the United States is the start that has been made toward the abolition of the death penalty. In eight States—Michigan, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Kansas, Maine, Minnesota, North and South Dakota—capital punishment no longer exists, and the complete elimination of this relic of barbarism ought to be a goal everywhere. But so far from a gain of new ground there now seems to be danger of losing some of the old in the fright and ignorance of public opinion in the face of the so-called "crime wave." In North Dakota there is talk of restoring the death penalty and in Michigan a bill has been introduced into the legislature which would revive capital punishment in that State. Four States—Oregon, Washington, Arizona, and Missouri—restored capital punishment in the hysteria against radicalism immediately following the World War; it would be a tragedy if others stepped backward too.

And while we are in a frenzy to revive cruel and obsolete punishments it never occurs to us that a federal law limiting drastically the importation and transportation of revolvers would do more to end gunmen and banditry than all the jails and gallows ever created.

Walter Damrosch Retires

WALTER DAMROSCH is to lay down the baton after forty-two years of orchestral conducting. Not really to retire from the world of music—that is unthinkable. As long as he lives his interest in music and musical education will—must—continue. But the burden of leading the New York Symphony Orchestra he is now to shift to others after having devoted himself to it since 1903. He confesses to sixty-four years; it seems incredible, since it was surely only yesterday that he was "the young Damrosch," determined to follow in the footsteps of his great father, Leopold Damrosch, one of the best of the many gifts to the United States from musical Germany. But sixty-four is a good retiring age; Walter Damrosch deserves leisure for those other things dear to his heart which every active man puts by for the day when he retires—a day which for most never comes.

It is true, of course, that Walter Damrosch never rose to his father's heights and that his conducting could never be called inspired—it has always been uneven, at times bad. Severe criticisms of his conducting and musical taste have appeared in *The Nation* as well as elsewhere. There was at first a feeling that the son was following his father less

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because of an artistic urge than because of the temptation to profit by a sire's success which makes so many young men the law-partners of their prosperous fathers. Such feelings in regard to Walter Damrosch have long since been changed. The sincerity of the man; his tireless industry, his growth as a conductor, his services to music outside of the concert hall, his witty speeches, his unsparing efforts to make good music available to the masses, his sponsorship of talent and genius—all these have been deservedly recognized, and so it was a pleasure to record a few years ago his taking of his American orchestra for a trip to Europe—a most happy international event rewarded by more than one government. Against his weaknesses must forever be set his service, when assistant conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, in bringing the great Anton Seidl and Lilli Lehmann to this country. If his conducting of Wagner often brought upon him the wrath of critics, his devotion to that composer and his works contributed enormously to their familiarization in the American musical world. As a program-maker he is of the very best.

So, too, has opinion changed about his orchestra. There was a time when his alliance with Harry Harkness Flagler's extraordinary devotion and munificent generosity to the musical art seemed to imperil the successes of other and more needed organizations—the Philharmonic, for instance, which early found that it could not permanently use Mr. Damrosch. Those years are long past. There is nothing more extraordinary in the spiritual and intellectual growth of America in the last twenty-five years than its new appreciation of the orchestra. The establishment of great musical organizations as far West as Oregon has had its counterpart in New York where the Philharmonic is crowded, tickets for the Philadelphia Orchestra are unavailable, and the Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Boston, and other orchestras play to increasing houses. More than one great orchestra New York certainly needs; its musical growth has caught up with the Symphony. Whether the latter's deficits are as great as they were in 1914 when Mr. Flagler became its sole supporter we do not know; his purse has seemed limitless, and the reward has been his of anticipating and justifying a need. If the partnership with Damrosch is dissolved, it is gratifying to know that this generous citizen and patriot will continue to serve the musical world.

Books and Behavior

AT the bottom of the censorship question is another question which, so far as we know, has never been adequately considered. What is the effect of any book, good or bad, upon the conduct of its readers? It is generally assumed that a "good" book is "good for" human beings; everyone has heard it said of some work or other that "no one can rise from the reading of it without being a better man." People over the earth have claimed as much for their bibles, whether they were Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists, Mormons, Christian Scientists, Jews, or Christians. And Coleridge claimed as much for "Tom Jones," which he defended even against those who pointed to the dreadful episode of Tom and Lady Bellaston. Are such claims legitimate, and if they are, what do they mean? And does it follow that there are certain books the reading of which leaves one a worse or a more dangerous person?

The general question has been answered, but not adequately, by Gertrud Bäumer, a member of the Democratic Party in the German Reichstag. She was writing to the *Vossische Zeitung* in answer to widespread criticism in the German press of a censorship bill presented to the Reichstag. The bill is designed to discourage the publication of violent and otherwise "low" fiction of the sort which, it is reported, circulates in abundance today among the youth of the new republic. Frau Bäumer said:

> It may be true that, on the whole, no great material harm is done by acts of burglary committed by youthful gangs after reading bad detective stories. What is true is that usually much harm is done to youth by these books. The question therefore is, should bad literature be permitted to get in the way of good literature and triumph over it? Which is worse—the risk that a book which may not be regarded as 100 per cent bad may be placed by mistake on the black list or the risk that one child's life be ruined by such a book?

Whatever the merits of this reasoning, Frau Bäumer's argument has prevailed in the Reichstag, with the result that committees of investigation will be empowered, when six of their eight members so agree, to prevent any book or illustration from appearing anywhere in Germany henceforth. A court of appeal, to be established at Leipzig, will have we know not what mollifying effect.

Frau Bäumer's reasoning is probably very bad—or it may be perfect. We do not know or care which. The point is that we are tired of reasoning *per se* in this connection. Are there no facts? Is there not a science of psychology, even one of physiology, that could throw light upon the processes set up in the mind, in the body, when a book is read? The body, presumably, is important, since it is with the body that a boy goes out of the room in which his mind has been absorbed and gets a gun, points it at some unsuspecting citizen on the street, and, perhaps, pulls the trigger. That is the process which Frau Bäumer highhandedly assumes when she speaks of burglaries "committed . . . after the reading of bad detective stories." She admits that there may be doubt concerning the amount of harm done by these burglaries; she has never thought to ask, it would seem, whether the burglaries were caused by the books. And does she imply, by the way, that "good" detective stories would not bring about the same results? The best detective stories we know are not about patriotism or platonic love; if they were we should not know them. Neither Shakespeare nor the Bible is wholly occupied with virtue.

If psychology and physiology could elucidate the processes we have spoken of, and if they could establish that books do influence conduct along with the imagination, there would still be the problem of deciding what actions or thoughts are good and what are bad. Ethics would come in there, and ethics, fortunately or unfortunately, is so far not a science; it changes with every decade. Doubtless it will always be difficult to know what is really "harmful" to "youth," and after that to say for certain that society is not just as well off with a little harm going on here and there. It is all very hard. And meanwhile the censorious are always raking over books and plays in America, looking for evil, and the House of Lords is considering a bill to prevent the publication of divorce-trial proceedings in English newspapers—in order, says Lord Burnham, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, to render to the rich that protection of silence concerning their sins which is now enjoyed by the obscure poor. In England, then, they seek to leave such things to the imagination—which no government has thus far learned how to suppress.

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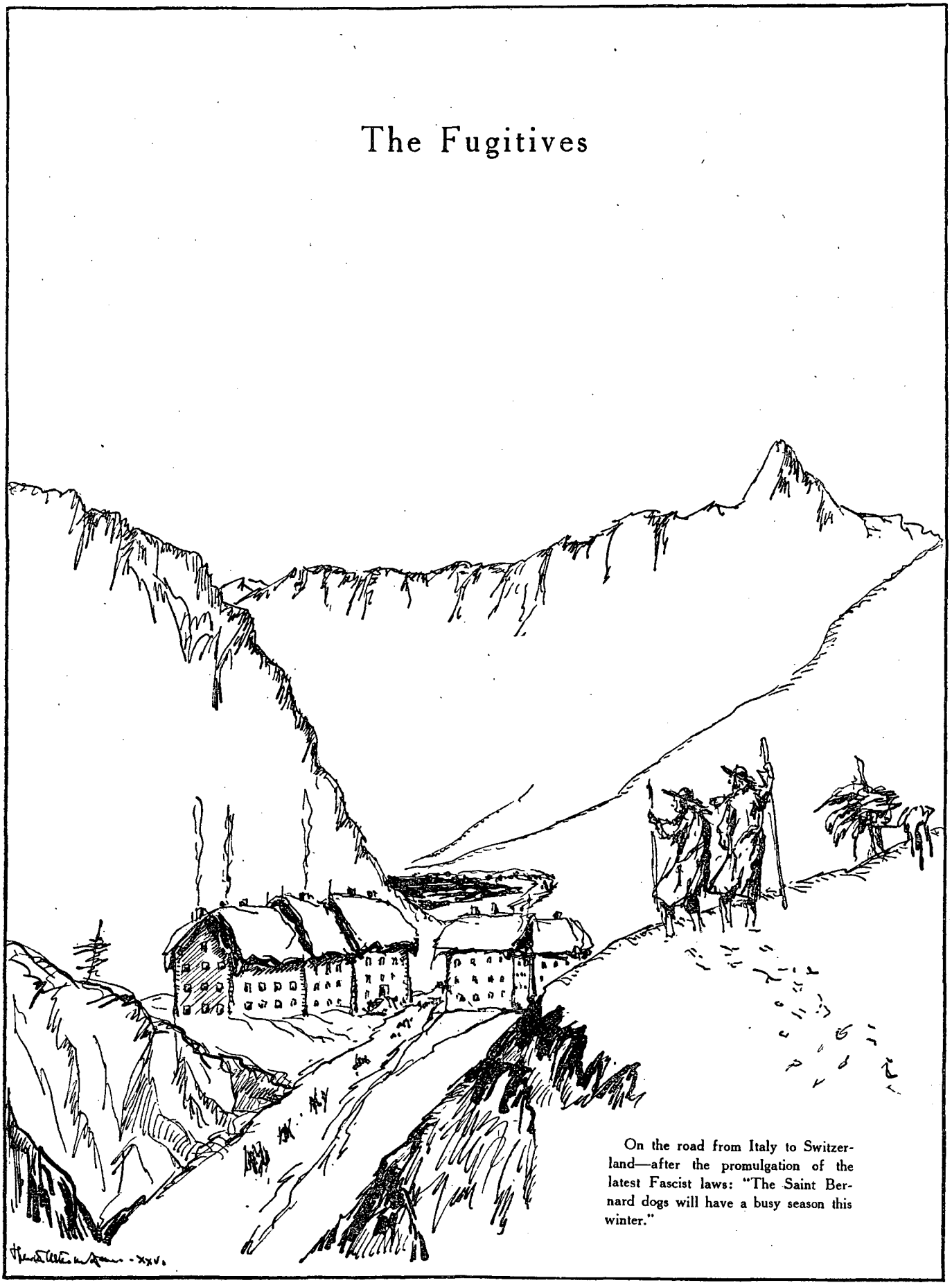
The Fugitives



On the road from Italy to Switzerland—after the promulgation of the latest Fascist laws: "The Saint Bernard dogs will have a busy season this winter."

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The Annual Christmas Side-Shows

By EUGENE LYONS

ALL year round the main ring under the big top is occupied by Prosperity—a big blustering fellow; strong man, juggler, magician, acrobat. This way, ladies and gentlemen! He lifts big weights, he tunnels through mountains and reaches across oceans, he picks up the little fellows in Europe and South America and juggles them dizzy. There's no end to his strength and feats and jolly pranks. Three-hundred-million-dollar surpluses for the government; billions of dollars in extra dividends; oodles of money—ask your Uncle Sam for a loan. Millions in bonuses for deserving employees; an automobile for every man, woman, and child; a job for every man, a man for every job. Remember the horrid old days of slums and sweatshops? Own your own home.

In the holiday season the big boy meets competition. Prosperity still struts his stuff, but the side-shows are opened for a few weeks. Freaks, misfits, monstrosities. This way, ladies and gentlemen—a special Christmas offering! The best selection of "cases," hand-picked by charity experts and described by literary artists. Nothing covered up. Come right in and see them squirm. Hear them howl. Buy a front seat and get your name in the paper; buy a box and get your picture in the paper, maybe on the front page.

Indorsed by the Bible, Shakespeare, and Dr. Frank Crane. "The poor ye have always with you." Under auspices of the best newspapers, cashing in on the Christmas spirit. New thrills this year, unique displays, incredible suffering and destitution, old-fashioned slums, widows and orphans, homeless babies and centenarians, everything. This way for the "thrill of giving," the "pleasure and satisfaction" of charity (*Times* editorial). Good for jaded nerves and appetites; the best tonic for your conscience; a help in digesting your Christmas dinner.

Here's the New York *Evening Post's* corner—the Old Couples' Christmas Fund. No one under sixty; not one's had a decent meal since last Christmas. Documents to prove it; every case investigated. Better than ever before—older, poorer, sicker, more miserable. Testimonials by Fannie Hurst, Rex Beach, Konrad Bercovici, Frank Crane, lots of others. The real article—starving after forty and fifty years of incessant toil, squeezed dry and cast aside, no good for anything but this side-show. Case 56 is pretty: "chuckle-voiced, hat-doffing Charlie the Iceman." Now "Charlie's on the shelf. Old and sick and done for. And forgotten." Listen to Gene Tunney himself on the superb specimen in case 46: Mr. and Mrs. Pat Malloy, 74 years old, worked all their lives, k.o.'d by a taxicab going home from work. Now "the gray end. . . . They are slaves of a social system. . . . Nothing they did or neglected to do was the cause of their destitution." (Tunney will not be asked to do any more exhibiting if he utters such treason.)

The New York *American's* Christmas Fund, good people. Don't miss it. Famous musicians, jazz babies, black-bottom wrigglers, prima donnas perform as the freaks are led out. Get the most for your dollar.

And here—depend on the New York *Times*—here we have New York's One Hundred Neediest Cases. Count them: A lovely, round, even hundred! Picked from the samples submitted by six great charitable organizations; carefully investigated by the *Times* itself. This way, folks, to "The House of a Hundred Sorrows." Every one genuine, no fakes—"not the pathetic shadow-figures of fiction, but men and women and children like us, neighbors of ours. . . . Come and see it for yourself." Lift the cover from any one of its hundred rooms—there are no blanks: "All day they work, yet they haven't enough to eat. . . . The House of a Hundred Sorrows is never empty. Those dark cold rooms are full today, full of hunger and anxiety and loneliness."

Not bums or criminals, ladies and gentlemen. All of them are *deserving* cases. Worked hard all their lives. The kind of men and women this nation needs—plodders, humble, thankful, no grumblers, no bolsheviks. Come right in and see them—they smile while they suffer!

Take Case 31—a mother: "For twenty years she had scrubbed floors, but a little more than a year ago the corporation discharged her, gave her a year's extra pay. Because of her age she has been unable to obtain other work." And another mother in Case 29, this one with four children: "Every morning at 3 o'clock the mother rises to trudge through the deserted streets to a Brooklyn office-building, where she scrubs floors till daybreak. Late in the afternoon she leaves her home again and works for three hours in the evening. But her earnings are insufficient."

Case 53: a family of eight. The father "had undermined his health in his struggle to support this large family. He had held three jobs at once—counterman in a restaurant from six in the morning to noon, waiter in another from noon to six, dishwasher in a third until eleven at night." Or Case 15: "Jim, a sturdy boy of 16, is working in a box factory at $8 a week and doing his best to take a father's place in the lives of his two young sisters. . . . [The barker does not mention the paper-box strike against the $8 wage] . . . Their father, a street cleaner, died of tuberculosis some years ago, leaving the family almost penniless. For years the mother went out washing until the heavy work told on her health. . . ."

Yes, sir! one hundred in a row, and not one of them got that way from coupon-clipping. Honest, respectable wrecks, of whom the *Times* can be proud. This is not charity for loafers; all are guaranteed destitute through overwork.

Come and look quick. The show will soon shut down for a year. Delectable slums; peep-shows of half-blind women and their broods basting mountainous piles of garments, making artificial flowers, beading gowns, and supported by charity. Take a good look before the curtain is drawn.

This way, for Christ's sake, this way. And remember, contributions are tax-exempt.

No fear of after-effects. After Christmas the show will positively close. On the front pages, on the floor of Congress, everywhere, big boy Prosperity will perform alone. His ballyhoo brigade does its stunts twelve months in the year.

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A Third Term for Coolidge?

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, December 18

SENATOR MOSES was right. The real business of this session of Congress is Presidential politics. Always reasonably frank, with a new six-year ticket in his pocket, the gentleman from New Hampshire can afford now to be franker than before. It was just after the election that he expressed himself to the above effect. No truer political words have been said in some time.

What's the use of writing about the session? What's the use of commenting on the silly and repetitious solemnity of the Coolidge message or the feebleness of White House leadership? Where's the good of talking about tax reduction, farm relief, and tariff changes? Every posted person knows that nothing will be done about any of them. The undignified and mortifying conciliation of insurgent Senators, the utter loss of Presidential dignity in the Coolidge-Nye incident, the White House invitations to the once blacklisted Shipstead—none of these things indicates a cohesive party or a constructive program. All there is back of them is Presidential politics—Presidential politics played in a small way but unmistakable just the same. That is all anyone is interested in in Washington this session and I can afford to be as frank about it as Senator Moses.

Here are the facts—as things stand today Mr. Coolidge is the leading candidate for the Republican 1928 nomination. There is, however, considerable doubt that he can again "make the grade" notwithstanding the general and well-founded belief that the power of the Presidency is such that a White House incumbent can always secure a renomination. As to Mr. Coolidge wanting another term, that is too obvious to argue. No President ever liked the White House better than he. No President ever wanted to hold on to it more. When he leaves it will be because he has to. If and when he announces that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself, it will be because his prospects have faded and he is afraid to take the chance. In the last six weeks he has made his desire to stay evident in a hundred ways, and nowhere more plainly than in his conferences with the correspondents. He wants it but he doesn't want to fight for it—and he won't.

He wants to get this nomination the way he got every other nomination he ever had, beginning with that first one for Alderman in Northampton—that is, by being the organization candidate, by having back of him the machine and the machine leaders. If he does not get it that way he won't get it at all. He will make no fight because he never made a fight. In the whole of his political career there is no record of a fight. That is a curious thing to say of a man who has been a successful candidate for public office 13—or is it 14—times, but it is true nevertheless. It can't be called fighting to be the machine candidate in the primaries and run on the ticket of the dominant party in the general election. That is the Coolidge record from his first office to his last.

He is not a fighter, he's a fixer. If he can fix things so that behind him will be massed his party organization, he will go after this nomination, tradition or no tradition. Otherwise not. His game is quietly to line up behind him the machine—and anyone who thinks he is not working at it is not very observant. That's all he is working at. In his small armadillo way he is hard at it all the time—placating some leaders in one way, others in another, using federal appointments, favors, White House invitations and indorsements—particularly invitations—with considerable political cunning and skill. Not long ago he wrote a letter of indorsement of a newspaper, owned by a Washington political writer, who is sending the letter out as circulation bait. What he is really trying to do is creep up on the nomination. By the end of this session, perhaps, it will be easier to tell whether he is making progress backward or forward.

It is interesting to note the factors in his favor and then those against him. There is first the fact that as President he has vast patronage power, prestige, and prerogatives which put any other candidate under heavy handicap. Second, he has the support of the great bulk of the newspapers of the country and is still popular with the people, though perhaps his popularity has begun to wane. Third, three years of party propaganda have been singularly effective in magnifying his achievements, minimizing his failures, and keeping an heroic picture of him in the public mind. Fourth, he still has control over the National Committee, to the chairmanship of which his close friend, ex-Senator William M. Butler, though rejected by the voters of Massachusetts, clings at the request of the President. Fifth, if prosperity still prevails next year, the great business and banking interests, which are under no delusions as to Mr. Coolidge's real size, will none the less be averse to a change. He suits them, and their dominance in the Republican Party is such that they may through pressure bring into line for him reluctant and recalcitrant Old Guard leaders, who thoroughly dislike him and if left to themselves will not support him.

That's one side. It's the side you hear most about in Washington just now, but there is another. When the Coolidge assets as a candidate to succeed himself are set down they do seem sufficiently formidable to make his nomination inevitable. In a stronger man they would be. With him, however, it is a question whether the assets will not in the final test be outweighed by the liabilities. The list of the latter is longer, but scales won't begin to turn one way or the other for some time yet.

To present the arguments against him there is—First, the third-term tradition. It is all very well to talk about his "second elective" term but that phrase won't stick. Should he get another, he will have been President two years longer than any other man in our history. The limitation that Washington and Jefferson regarded as wise and to which Grant and Roosevelt yielded as final is to be broken for Coolidge? It does not seem sane. Second, the agrarian revolt in the great Republican States in the West is real, and political history shows that when they become aroused, the Western farmers have their political way, or something unpleasant happens to the party that stands in the way. That they are deeply stirred no posted person doubts. It is true that inexorable economic laws may again operate as

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they have in the past to mitigate agricultural grievances, but on the other hand these may grow worse. In any event, the sentiment in eleven normally Republican States constituting the well-known Corn Belt is strongly anti-administration. A significant instance of the readiness out there to disregard party lines was given in the last campaign when Republican Representative Dickinson of Iowa went into Illinois to urge the election of Democratic Representative Rainey. A third argument is that there is in the field a Presidential candidate inherently stronger than Mr. Coolidge—Frank O. Lowden. It may be that his age—66—or his health, or some other reason will keep Mr. Lowden from making another fight but there is not the least doubt that at this time he is a candidate. In 1920 he missed the nomination by the narrowest margin. In 1924 he refused a unanimous nomination for Vice-President on the Coolidge ticket. For eight years he has devoted himself to studying agricultural problems, to farming, to a quiet strengthening of his fences, to making friends. Today he has a stronger backing, more potential political power, and a better chance than any other man except Mr. Coolidge. He looms larger than any other. Popular, able, rich, with a fine record and an attractive personality, Lowden is the real candidate. The farmers are crazy about him. He is the agricultural hero.

To sum up the other Coolidge liabilities, there is the inherent feebleness of the man himself, the admitted fact that he is largely a combination of machine support, party propaganda, and accident. There is the further fact that Old Guard leaders cordially dislike him personally and resent the accident that projected him into the White House and enabled him to be nominated in 1924. But for the death of Mr. Harding no one would ever have seriously suggested Mr. Coolidge for the Presidency. The fact is he was so negligible a quantity that he might easily have failed for renomination as Vice-President. He was in Washington in 1922 a political joke and would still be but for the glamor of the Presidency.

Finally, there is the belief that the Republican nomination next time is more or less a "set up," that because of the split among the Democrats and their complete lack of an issue, the Republican 1928 nomination is equivalent to an election. Of course, they may be mistaken but that is the way they feel now. Under such circumstances it seems to the machine leaders all the more disastrous to let the nomination go to Mr. Coolidge by default. They are not going to do it if they can help it, but it comes down to this—if they can't beat him with Lowden they can't with any one. At least that is the present opinion of the "talent."

Communism . . . A Religion?

By LOUIS FISCHER

Berlin, November 22

THERE is of course freedom of worship in Soviet Russia, and as many churches are open as the devout wish and can afford to maintain. Nevertheless, the country is bathed in atheism. The youth, when it is not frankly "godless," has no contact or sympathy with religion. The urban proletariat has been infected by the spirit which the Bolsheviks propagate. Even peasants have grown skeptical. They have seen Communists defile their churches with "Red" meetings and have witnessed the burning in effigy of Jesus, Moses, Mohammed, aye, of God Himself. Yet no hand from heaven struck these infidels down.

Churches, synagogues, and mosques are filled but not so well filled as in the past. More and more couples prefer the congratulatory resolution of a workers' club meeting or the good wishes of the chairman of a local soviet to the blessings of a priest, and Red baptisms or "Octobrinas" take the place of christenings. "Holy Russia" stands in the sign of atheism. What is to become of her? What do the Communists offer for the religion they have destroyed?

Communism is not a religion. Yet there can be no doubt that for many people who open their souls to its influence it provides a consuming faith. It offers the staff of life to myriads who see the props and stays of their non-physical existence torn from under them by the ugliness, futility, and folly of much of the civilization about them.

Unlike religion, Communism seeks not to reform the individual but rather to create a state of affairs in which it will be difficult and ultimately impossible for him to exploit his fellow, and unnecessary for him to lie, steal, rob, murder, and make wars. The single circumstance that the roads to wealth in Russia are few, perilous, and socially degrading must have a salutary effect on the youth. Service on behalf of the nation opens a wide and attractive door to the young man who plans his future, and though it does not bar ambition it does definitely preclude the setting up of money and luxuries as the sole end of life. This applies not alone to the Communist whose salary is limited to a low maximum but to millions of state employees. Better training or greater ability will bring him a higher wage; on the other hand, he cannot under present conditions give a serious thought to becoming rich by "going into business." The Nepman is a pariah and looked down upon. The private industrial entrepreneur is the detested capitalist sitting on a tiny volcanic island in the midst of a big red sea. If the struggle for life is bitter on account of the absence of these and similar possibilities, nevertheless there exists far less compulsion or temptation to sell one's soul to Mammon. "But many people do. What of bribery?" it will be said. Quite true; conditions in Russia are not perfect; yet grafting has diminished. There is, furthermore, a more determined effort to stamp it out, and hence more talk about it.

Numerous other instances of higher ethical standards come to mind. The original misfortune which the revolution inflicted upon those women whose profession theretofore had been that of waiting for a husband is now appreciated by many as a blessing. It forced them to work, made them economically independent. It set them free for a love life and new type of family life which outside of Russia even those women who do provide for themselves cannot experience to the full because they are isolated units in a world which thinks and acts differently. I have spoken to the daughters of formerly wealthy fathers and the wives of wealthy men who, now that they are impoverished, have no regret for the sweet, lazy days of the past. They are

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no longer harem women, but equal, producing members of a working community. Life is harder yet richer.

The simple fact that a job as a street cleaner or a factory worker admits one to the aristocracy of a country has a moral, or if you will "religious," value which can scarcely be exaggerated. I have, for instance, seen many Jewish merchants who are forsaking their small towns to become peasants in South Russia. Their great urge is economic distress resulting from state participation in retail trade; nevertheless all are happy that this circumstance is driving them away from a parasitic existence into a life that opens the door to citizenship, to equal civil rights, and—most important—to productive labor.

The revolution has established a new social scale for Soviet Russia. The man who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow stands first. The student youth is second, the intellectual third (he is rising), and the private capitalist or Nepman last. Men and women do not wish to desert the ranks of labor. That they must content themselves with little material wealth is compensated by the satisfaction of belonging to the ruling class, which is laying the foundations for a future with less injustice and inequality than the present.

If it is unjust that one should live by the labor of one's fellows, then the Bolsheviks have removed much injustice. If the example of the pomp of royalty, the splendor of princes, the luxury of army officers, the leisure of landed gentry, and the prodigality of a half-grown bourgeoisie is demoralizing, then the Communists who swept these classes into the ashheap of history have performed a service to the country. In place of extravagance, frugality; in place of ceremony, simplicity; in place of loose living, puritanism. There are exceptions, to be sure, but the mass and not the exceptions sets the standard for the nation. Even the temptations of the NEP, which at one time seemed to threaten the spiritual undoing of the Communists themselves, have been largely overcome. These are achievements which evade the statistician, escape the transient or unsympathetic foreign observer, and defy the newspaperman. Yet they are facts. One need only pry into a soul here and there to find traces of their existence.

And then democracy. Democracy? But Soviet Russia is a dictatorship, it will be argued. In this non-political discussion I shall attempt neither to rebut nor to qualify the accusation except to remark in passing that the democratic forms of some countries are no guaranty of democratic content and that democracy may exist in a state whose leaders scoff at the bourgeois conception of the term. The reference here, however, is not to the legal relationship between citizen and government but rather to the human contacts which the present system permits and encourages. That word *tovarish* has a leveling and democratic effect. Sometimes its mere utterance establishes a bond of cordiality. You do not say "Mr. President" to Kalinin, but "Comrade" and he may sit and crack sunflower seeds with the lowly peasant who has walked a thousand miles to Moscow to air his grievances before the chief executive. At meetings in the Moscow Big Theater a headkerchiefed *matushka* (little mother) or a baste-shoed peasant with hay in his beard will come to the platform and explain what she or he and the folks back home think of Curzon or Lenin or taxes. In the former throne-room of the Kremlin Palace, during sessions of the Central Executive Committee—Russia's nearest approach to a parliament—hundreds of mujiks dressed in light blue polka-dotted blouses, breeches, and knee-high boots participate in important debates and bring to the capital impressions of popular sentiment along the lower reaches of the Volga, in frozen Yakutia, in tropical Turkestan, in Buriat Mongolia, and in the mountain fastness of Cis-Caucasia. Visit a museum on Sunday. Scores of workers, caps in hand, and many peasants from the urban periphery are being guided through well-stocked chambers to see treasures of whose existence they knew nothing a few years ago. Workers' reading-rooms, sport clubs, village library huts—there are tens of thousands of them. The blight of illiteracy to which "Holy Russia" gladly reconciled herself is rapidly being stamped out by its present atheist rulers, whose ambitious program is 100 per cent literacy on the tenth anniversary of the revolution. Knowledge of the three R's may not make Ivan a better man. But the methods of the Bolsheviks are opening his mind and soul. He now sees beyond his dark, ofttime depressing surroundings; his field of vision takes in a universe, where it was formerly confined to a parish; the works and the words of great men are now brought to his door, or he is brought to them; superstitions by which the church maintained its dark hold on the masses are being dispelled. The humdrum of a miserably hard life is being varied and lit up by spiritual contact and sympathy with the coolie, the peon, and the British miner.

Consider the financial assistance given the British miners by the Soviet proletariat. The Russians did not wait until they were made to weep over starving children. Nor can any selfish motive explain their splendid, spontaneous generosity. The German workers, who stood to lose much by the defeat of the miners, could not be roused to put an embargo on shipments of coal to British ports or even to give alms. Neither Russia nor her workers will obtain any practical advantage or disadvantage from the outcome of the strike. The Russian people gave because they realize that the larger interests of labor do not stop at national frontiers. It was a manifestation of universal brotherhood—the theoretical ideal of all religions. The Bolsheviks have made it a fact, at least as far as the proletariat is concerned.

One could clear away the earth from still more tender sprouts which are shooting up from the seeds planted in Russian soil by the Communists. Some would prove to be weeds. Many give promise of healthy fruit. The Bolsheviks believe neither in the holiness of the individual nor in the immutability of human nature. They are convinced that ethics, morals, character, the spirit can be modified and improved by bringing about the necessary economic changes. Thus by means of revolutionary economic change they aim to achieve the human results that religion would bring about by other means.

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The fifth in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. If you have missed the first four, mail this announcement and fifty cents in stamps.

A psychoanalyst and a behaviorist will analyze for The Nation *these anonymous articles in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's attitude toward men, marriage, children and jobs.*

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France and Germany, Friends

By IDA TREAT

Paris, December 1

STRESEMANN'S speech before the Reichstag on November 23 dropped a rock in the political mill-pond, disturbing the Franco-German concert whose harmonies had swelled melodiously ever since Thoiry. To be sure there had already been considerable croaking along the Quai d'Orsay. It is no secret that Poincaré—whose sentiments with regard to the nation north of the Rhine remain characteristically unchanged—came very close to an open rupture with Briand during the weeks that followed the Thoiry conversations.

The speech of the German Minister, suggesting the suppression of the Inter-Allied Military Commission and the evacuation of the Rhineland and the Saar as a preface for further agreements, caused an explosion of astonished indignation on the part of the French press. "Victorious France" enjoyed a brief resurrection. The Right—from the *Liberté* to the *Débats*—brandished the old scarecrow of German aggression. But on November 30, when Briand told the Chamber that an accord with Germany was both possible and imperative, since "there can be no durable peace in Europe without a Franco-German rapprochement," the majority of his hearers manifested unqualified approval.

The Italian question helped to save the Briand-Stresemann negotiations from disaster during the last days of November. The Garibaldi affair, Italian military activity along the Savoy frontier, and the disquieting statements of the Duce regarding colonial expansion have provided the Quai d'Orsay with considerable food for thought. The Italo-German alliance suggested in the Italian press would by its very nature—the alliance of two colony-seeking Powers—menace French supremacy along the Mediterranean, and at the same time, by opening German coal-fields to growing Italian industry, oppose a new and powerful competitor to French manufacturers. France, somewhat isolated on the Continent by the Thoiry policy, has reason to look for friends.

Whatever the Geneva Conference may do toward bettering the political relations between Germany and France an economic accord already exists. During the past months French and German industry have concluded a series of important alliances. The agreement signed last April, by the Deutsches Kali-Syndikat and the Société Commerciale des Potasses d'Alsace divides the world potash market for a period of seven years between the two trusts, allowing a production-quota of 70 per cent to the German firms and 30 to the French. German producers have a monopoly of sales at home, in Austria, and in Eastern Europe; French producers control the West. A joint commission dictates prices and supervises foreign sales.

September and October saw the conclusion of similar agreements, not all of which are limited exclusively to French and German industries. The European Bone and Glue Trust includes fifteen countries; the Tube Trust unites France, Belgium, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and Hungary. The Aluminum Trust combines the foremost manufacturers of France, Germany, Switzerland, and England; the Nail and Wire Trust groups Holland, Belgium, Germany, and France. The United States participates with France and Germany in the alliance of electric-lamp manufacturers—an alliance which is shortly to be extended to general electrical production. Copper and textile agreements are already on the way.

The Cartel de l'Acier, concluded September 30 by representatives of the steel industry of France, Germany, Belgium, Luxemburg, and the Saar, represents by far the most important alliance yet formed. Based on an annual production of from 25 to 30 million tons of steel, the cartel regulates the production of each member of the group (Germany, 43.18 per cent; France, 31.18; Belgium, 11.56; Luxemburg, 8.30, and the Saar, 5.70); allows for the importation, duty-free, of French steel into Germany—to be bought and sold by the German syndicate—and provides a system of fines and compensations—respectively $4 and $2 per ton—for those who exceed or fail to attain the stipulated ratio of production.

Before 1914 the French steel industry imported much of its coal supply from the Ruhr. The Versailles Treaty, by allotting to France the iron mines and steel plants of Lorraine, increased the coal demand tremendously. The ensuing conflict, from 1919 to 1923, between German coal magnates and the Comité des Forges found its most violent expression in the occupation of the Ruhr by French troops. While the inflation period favored the development of the German steel industry and worked to the disadvantage of the Lorraine manufacturers, the stabilization of the mark as well as the fall of the franc enabled the latter to flood central and southern Germany with iron ore and half-finished products. After January, 1925, when the customs regulations, instituted by the Versailles Treaty and favoring French production, expired, an attempt was made to eliminate French products from the German market by heavy protective tariffs. At this time the first serious pourparlers took place between the representatives of French and German steel industries.

Whether the cartel is or is not extended to include English producers, the steel alliance forms a solid basis for Franco-German relations, and the conversations at Thoiry and Geneva may be regarded as a translation into the domain of politics of the economic policy of the hour.

While diplomats converse and the captains of industry negotiate, the intellectuals of France and Germany are busy rediscovering each other. Especially is this true of France, always more chauvinistic in art and letters than her neighbor across the Rhine. The few Frenchmen who before the war labored despairingly to create a current of interest between artists and thinkers of the two countries state today that never before has there been such enthusiasm for intellectual interpenetration.

A few concrete examples. Gémier takes his project of an international theater to Berlin. Thomas Mann and Alfred Kerr speak to cordial and sympathetic audiences in Paris. The prudent Tristan-Bernard attends the Reinhardt jubilee and gives out timidly enthusiastic statements to the French press. German expressionists exhibit their paintings in the French capital. Paul Valéry, generally considered as the poet of conservative France, receives a warm welcome on the other side of the frontier. Rilke and von Unruh have

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been social lions of the Paris season. And Yvette Guilbert is to open a school of diction in Berlin. The recent Cinema Congress held in Paris was in reality a meeting of French and German producers. A proposition to give back the Legion of Honor to German scientists, artists, and men of letters is formulated by *Comœdia*, and a French Minister, whose name is prudently withheld, states solemnly that the time has come to offer the decoration to other German intellectuals "for services rendered to science, literature, and humanity; in other words, to the policy of peace."

French popular sentiment also is undergoing a change. If one must speak in a foreign tongue, it is on the whole better to talk German than English in the streets and cafes of Paris today. A recent scene in the subway may serve as illustration. An Englishman and a German, both considerably inebriated, were disputing a vacant seat. The discussion was in French, with varying accents. The crowd took sides with the German. To be sure the latter showed an astonishing grasp of crowd psychology.

"If it hadn't been for . . . the French," he announced to the gallery, "we would have wiped you off the earth back in 1914."

The Briton had to get off at the next station to avoid being mobbed!

As for the middle class—

"It begins to look as if we would have to fight the Italians. Insufferable race with their toy Bonaparte!" The speaker, a middle-aged leather broker, threw down his newspaper in disgust.

"And the English?"

"Just as bad. 'Insupportables, tous!' They make me long for a second Joan of Arc! Do you know, the only people I can stand today. . . . O they destroyed the north of France, they killed over a million of us, and they committed atrocities—perhaps. But they at least know what it is to suffer. I tell you, the only people I can stand today are the Boches!"

Geneva or no Geneva, Franco-German rapprochement is in the air.

Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl

By ANN WASHINGTON CRATON

TWENTY years ago Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl vied in popularity with Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model. Who cares for the Berthas of 1926? Perhaps popular interest may be revived because the Fox Film Corporation is doing a stupendous movie, which will soon be released. Bertha's struggles in a dressmaking establishment will be portrayed by the charming Madge Bellamy. The research department of the Fox Films in order to provide a realistic background made an exhaustive search for a dressmaking establishment where old-fashioned sewing machines were still in use, operated by American —not foreign-born—girls. Bertha made her living in the sweatshop days before trade-union organization had abolished the most flagrant evils in the garment trades. The dress shops in the wholesale district were impossible to film; they were housed in model loft-buildings, with adequate lighting, and used the latest electric-motor machines. Finally the long-sought location was found among the exclusive establishments in the fashionable shops about Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, where theatrical costumes and custom dresses are made. Here were girls, American girls, the very type of the Bertha of 1906, toiling over old-fashioned, pedaled sewing machines, which probably were in use even before the days of Bertha.

The dramatic organization campaign and strike recently conducted by the Ladies' Tailors, Custom Dressmakers, Theatrical Costume and Alteration Workers' Union, Local 38, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, centered attention on Fifty-seventh Street. The union's agreement with the Couturiers' Association, representing sixteen of the most exclusive houses, such as Madame Frances, Henri Bendel, Bergdorf Goodman, Tappé, Madame Thurn, Hickson, Farquharson and Wheelock, Stein and Blaine, expired September 25. The Association shops and numerous independent shops employed some 1,000 organized men tailors and about 10,000 women dressmakers, of whom only 5 to 10 per cent were organized before the strike. The union tailors received a wage-scale of $55 for a forty-four-hour week; the union dressmakers from $38 to $50 for the same number of hours; the 10,000 unorganized but highly skilled experienced dressmakers received an average wage of $22 for a forty-seven-hour week, in shops where the price of a dress was $275! In renewing the agreement, Local 38, making demands for the tailors, also made demands for the dressmakers for a forty-hour week, 5 to 10 per cent increases in wages, guaranty of forty-four weeks' work in a year, and limitation of overtime. The association was willing to concede most of the demands for the men but was not prepared even to discuss the demands for the women. Edwin Goodman, head of the Couturiers' Association, scoffed at them. "The dressmakers don't want an increase in wages, they don't want anything; the dressmakers are satisfied," he said.

The custom-dress industry is largely a women's industry. The heads of many of the most exclusive houses are women, such as Madame Frances, Madame Thurn, and Lucille. The patrons and customers are the wealthiest women in America, who wear the most exquisite, the most expensive, and the most beautiful clothes in the world, Paris not excepted. The models in these houses are frequently young show-girls who find it advantageous to secure such employment in their off-seasons. Finally, the 10,000 dressmakers are women. In the rush season, when society and the theater are demanding their costly and beautiful garments, the dressmakers work until late at night without extra pay for overtime. Women are difficult to organize, particularly in such an industry. The prevailing theory is that American women cannot be organized. "American girls don't want a union," insisted the employers at the conference table.

The working unit in the dressmaking department includes various crafts. The fitter, who cuts the dress, receives $50 to $100 weekly. The drapers, usually seven in number, average $30 a week. Each draper has three or four dressmakers as helpers. The finishers receive from $16 to $22. They handle the most delicate materials, requir-

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ing intricate handwork and severe eye-strain, and produce gowns, wraps, and dresses that sell for hundreds of dollars. One highly skilled draper who makes $35 a week made by herself in less than a week an entire dress that sold for $1,000.

Why have the custom dressmakers worked for such wages and under such conditions in New York City, where the garment workers have been so firmly intrenched for years? For the most part, they are timid, unaggressive, simple American women. Many have worked for five or six seasons or longer in one house. There is not a large labor turnover. One woman who has worked for various Fifth Avenue houses for thirty years began at $7 weekly; today she receives $21 as a skilled draper. She lives in a small town up the Hudson, more than an hour's trip on the train. At six o'clock she dashes to the ferry and the train; there is the same rush back to be at work at 8:30 in the morning. Too weary and discouraged to mix with her neighbors at night, what opportunity had she to think of trade unionism? Many of the women are Italians, beautiful needleworkers, but always difficult to organize—grandmothers, mothers, daughters, whose combined earnings go to make up the "family wage." There has recently been a steady influx of South American women, convent-trained, accustomed to fine fabrics. They speak Spanish and know nothing of American standards of hours and wages. Since the war, French dressmakers from the dress shops of Paris, where the dressmakers have only recently been organized, have been coming over, unfamiliar with American conditions and handicapped by language.

Analysis of pay envelopes proved that $850 to $900 annually was common for a draper, deducting nine weeks as an average for the slack time between seasons. Few had yearly slips of as much as $1,000. Not one had paid an income tax. Among the finishers $500 and $600 a year was common. I visited all of the beautiful establishments, seeking interviews with the heads of the houses; I mounted marble stairways to elaborate drawing-rooms, with period furniture and oriental rugs, where the elegant customers wait for fittings. Contrast the workrooms, crowded and dingy, with the old machines. There were no proper rest-rooms. A light rattan couch hidden in a dark room under the coats was the only provision required by law for a sick or worn-out girl to rest for a few minutes. The toilets were inadequate and crowded.

Local 38 made history in organizing women in less than six weeks. Its campaign, directed by a woman, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, established a record. Street meetings were held in front of Mrs. Vanderbilt's house, off Fifth Avenue, at noon and in the evening. Automobiles decked with union banners proclaiming the union demands were constantly in evidence on Fifth Avenue. Eager and enthusiastic dressmakers listened to their first trade-union organization speeches, and devoured the union leaflets. A remarkable union sentiment was created. Then the Couturiers' Association went into action. Fifth Avenue became an armed camp. Police and detectives guarded every entrance. A truck, anything but exclusive and smart, stood in front of the entrance to Madame Frances's for several nights; between a line of police the dressmakers were marched into it and driven away to subway stations, safe from union literature. Active union girls were arrested daily; the first day of the strike thirty of us spent eight hours in jail.

On the eve of the strike Henri Bendel, employing 500 dressmakers, granted wage increases of from $2 to $5 weekly, reduced working hours from 47 to 44, and granted a full hour for lunch. The majority of the employers followed suit. The standards of the entire industry were raised even where actual union organization did not result. Many new shops were organized, and a strong sentiment for unionization and higher standards was established among the women workers in all of the leading houses. Wages started going up, the forty-four-hour week was generally established for the unorganized dressmakers, while the tailors and organized dressmakers won the forty-hour week besides wage increases. The union now plans an intensive and continuous organization campaign among the dressmakers to consolidate the newly won gains.

The poor little starved dressmakers of Paris won a strike not long ago and won better conditions for themselves. The Mimis of the Paris dress shops received universal support. The New York dressmakers of Fifty-seventh Street must receive the same support because their successful organization will give a tremendous impetus to the movement to organize the millions of unorganized women workers throughout America.

In the Driftway

GEORGE T. HUGHES of New Brunswick, New Jersey, has expressed his conviction that if any improvement is possible in this land of the noble free it is through more and better pies. To this end Mr. Hughes organized the Watchung Community Pie Association, which has just held a championship competition. As fitting so important an occasion, three mayors and a former assemblyman were called in as judges. The Drifter does not know why he was not invited. As a pie-baker he makes no broad claims, but as a pie-taster he feels that he has no superior between Massachusetts and Mars. Failure to call in the Drifter led to vulgar bickering among the judges, and it was finally necessary to summon a police chief to settle the contest.

* * * * *

THE trouble seems to have been that the judges got into a wrangle over the relative excellence of various *kinds* of pie instead of weighing the merits of the individual entries as samples of the pastry-makers' art. Each judge was handed five pies from which to make a preliminary selection. One picked a cheese pie, another a lemon meringue, a third a pumpkin, and the fourth an apple. Thereafter the judging became a heated argument over the claims of these four models of the pie-making craft.

* * * * *

THE Drifter wishes to register his profound contempt for cheese pie—whatever it is. Never having sampled any—or ever heard of it before this contest—he has the true obscurantism of ignorance. If cheese pie is anything like cheese cake the Drifter hates it as a result of gloomy personal encounters with that sad and soggy confection. If any reader thinks the Drifter is too hastily jumping at conclusions, he (or she) is invited to send in a cheese pie for analysis and report. Lemon meringue, pumpkin, and apple pie, the Drifter admits, all have high claims to distinction, but is the queenly mince to be ignored; or that splendid example of Southern chivalry, sweet-potato pie? For sweet-potato pie the Drifter is willing to forgive the South even the invention of the Ku Klux Klan. Then, too, there are

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such sublime evidences of the superiority of man to the other mammals as gooseberry, blueberry, and cherry pie. An old friend of the Drifter's once remarked: "There may *be* something better than cherry pie, but I don't see why anybody should want it."

* * * * *

UNFORTUNATELY the New Jersey judge who held out for apple pie was not content to support his preference on its own merits, which are undeniably many. For instance, when ordered in a restaurant, apple pie is less certain to be *bad* than any other kind served by these institutions for spoiling food and degrading the glorious art of cooking. The New Jersey judge attempted to justify his preference for apple pie by appealing to quite extraneous considerations. He demanded: "Is a cheese pie a la mode as appetizing as apple a la mode? Is lemon meringue a la mode as appetizing as apple a la mode?"

* * * * *

WHEN a judge resorts to that sort of argument one can only retaliate in kind. What, declaims the Drifter, pointing one index finger menacingly at the New Jersey judges and the other toward Hollywood—what would become of our great screen drama, of the mighty motion-picture industry which has permeated the earth, without the aid and abetment of the delectable and clinging contents of the custard pie? THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

After Oil

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The author of When the Oil Gives Out in your issue of December 1 did not mention what many scientists consider the most hopeful source of motor fuel for the future: bituminous ("soft") coal, of which there is comparatively an abundance. Friedrich Bergius's process of hydrogenation of coal, which effects a liquefaction to petroleum, is now being commercially exploited in Germany. Franz Fischer's process, though still in the experimental stage, promises to be even more useful than that of Bergius. The samples of synthetic petroleum which were displayed at the recent International Conference on Bituminous Coal showed clearly the possibilities of the Fischer method.

Pittsburgh, November 28 J. B. SHOHAN

Hell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention was recently attracted to a headline, Abolishing Hell, over an article noting that dignitaries of the Church of England together with the "liberal" clergy in general had conspired against this ancient and useful institution. Imagine the indignant protest from profane swearers everywhere who for centuries have depended on the pulpit for the enrichment of their vocabularies! It is a blow at all wit and humor which is dependent on contrasts; the more drastic the contrast, the more pungent the wit! I often heard my mother, Harriet Beecher Stowe, tell how witty the old Puritan ministers of her girlhood were as they assembled in her father's kitchen to drink good old New England rum, smoke strong tobacco, and crack jokes. There is nothing like it in the clergy of today, who are a hectic, dyspeptic lot, full of problems but barren of jokes, all run to seed over the Eighteenth Amendment, prohibition, and the tariff, but disbelieving in hell-fire, the devil, and the brimstone lake.

I have passed my three score years and ten and mean to die in the faith of my fathers, loyal to New England rum, hell fire, and the devil.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, November 26

Poor Old Britain!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Britisher I cordially agree with Judge Bausman in deprecating the stupid attacks which irresponsible English journalists have recently been making upon the debt settlement between Great Britain and the United States. But he has made some remarkable assertions in the course of his onslaught upon the European Powers.

It is not true that the French "refused to settle on any basis at all." The terms they offered were very nearly twice as good as those offered by Italy and accepted by the United States Government. Nor is it true that the whole of the French debt was contracted after the war was through. Were that the case there would be no question for dispute, since France has never attempted to deny full liability for *post*-war debts. And as for the "incredible quantity of food and munitions" she is declared (on no particular evidence) to possess, I should be interested to hear just how she *can* "turn them into cash." Who will buy them? The United States?

Now for my own country. (1) Judge Bausman paints a very rosy picture of the value of the British "spoils of war." "Mesopotamia alone," he says, "will reimburse Great Britain" (for what? For the whole cost of the war?). Again, "Tanganyika, enormously rich in minerals and tropical products, must be considered forever the property of the English." If Judge Bausman will pardon my saying so, this is mere rhetoric. Tanganyika's commercial value is negligible (its total trade is about one twenty-seventh of that of Porto Rico), and even if it were true that it is doomed to perpetual British control, its resources cannot be and are not monopolized by British traders. And to regard Mesopotamia as an asset is, I submit, ridiculous. Britain has already spent millions of pounds upon it (I have not the exact figures to hand), and here, too, there can be no question of discrimination in favor of British trade, since that is expressly forbidden by the mandate which gave the English control of it. The other members of the League of Nations can be trusted, in their own interests, to see to it that the terms of that mandate are adhered to!

(2) In view of the fact that the Washington Conference put the American and British navies on a precisely equal basis, to say, as Judge Bausman does, that it left Britain mistress of the seas is a compliment to the superior efficiency of the British navy which (coming from such a quarter) I welcome but which in the interests of truth I must refuse to accept.

(3) From the reference to rubber in the last paragraph of his letter it appears that Judge Bausman believes the Malay Peninsula to be a post-war acquisition to Britain—one of her "spoils of war." That is a good indication, I suggest, of the accuracy of the knowledge on which his assertions are based.

Princeton, N. J., November 15 LINDLEY M. FRASER

Look-a-Way, Dixie Land!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If any of your readers have letters, documents, papers, or facts of any kind, whether hearsay, anecdote, or affidavit, about the late James B. Duke, tobacco magnate of Durham and New York, I should appreciate their communicating with me. I am writing a biographic study of the great merchant-manufacturer and facts about his early days in New York are especially obscure. RODNEY CROWTHER

Asheville, North Carolina, November 24

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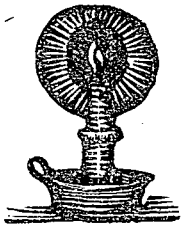
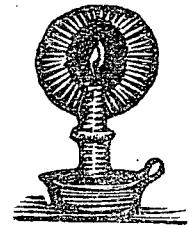


A Happy New Year To Nation Readers



Perhaps this is the first time you have read THE NATION. Perhaps, on the other hand, you have read it for sixty-one years.

In either case, you will be interested in Henry T. Finck's description of its Editor, Oswald Garrison Villard, which appears in Mr. Finck's book, "My Adventures in the Golden Age of Music," just published by Funk & Wagnalls.

> "While holding different views, I could not help admiring his courage and audacity, as well as his rare journalistic ability, incisiveness, wit and vivacity. No one, it is safe to say, has ever yawned over one of his editorials, and the new *Nation* became, as a whole, a decidedly readable periodical."

This from a man who for twenty-one years was closely associated with Mr. Villard on the *New York Evening Post*, and who looked askance at him when he sold the *Post* and embarked on his "journalistic steam yacht," as Mr. Finck dubs *The Nation*.

But this same "journalistic steam yacht" is free to head anywhere. Often it steers straight out into the murk behind the news and brings back many a surprise. It is manned by a staff of newspaper men and women and its news is good news in the sense that it is significant and sound.

Wouldn't you like to take a voyage with Mr. Villard for one year, let's say, or two?

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Books, Music, Plays

Commentary

On JOHN x, 34.

By S. FOSTER DAMON

We are lost deities made manifest,
Forced to a hateful fellowship of dreams.
Caught in the selves by which we are obsessed,
Each prays, unwakable; each one blasphemes.

O many Christs, with eyes gray-aureoled,
Caught in the whirlpool of fantastic pain,
Reach out your hand!—reach through the sable cold,
And touch the hand you will not find again.

First Glance

THE title of Herbert S. Gorman's new book, "A Victorian American: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" (Doran: $5), might mean much or little. It might mean, what anyone knows, that Longfellow lived in America at the same time that Victoria lived in England. Or it might mean that Longfellow had certain qualities—probably certain defects—common to most imaginative writers of the English language during the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century. In the second case a number of definitions would be called for; one would assume that Mr. Gorman had written his book in order to make clear just what, at this remove, the term Victorian does mean after all, and after that to show how Longfellow, being a true son of his time, shared its deficiencies. Mr. Gorman, indeed, promises all this and more in his excellent preface—the best part of the book. There we learn that Longfellow is "a representative figure of the dominant urge of his time," and that "it is necessary to understand him and his age if we are to understand our own and ferret out why we are what we are and from what curious urges we evolved."

What are we, then? What was Longfellow? What was his urge, if any, and what is ours? After reading Mr. Gorman's book and being entertained by its sympathetic narration of this man's long, pathetic, and highly successful life, I do not know the answers to these questions. I am not saying that I believe there are any—simply that Mr. Gorman, who in his book on James Joyce showed himself a gifted critic, here seems not even to have tried to do the thing he tells you he is doing. So far as his critical theme was concerned he might as well have stopped on page 64, where, speaking of Longfellow's youthful writings, he says: "He entered literature with those weaknesses that were to be with him all through his life, weaknesses of dependence, weaknesses of didactic emphasis, weaknesses of prosiness, weaknesses of the creative instinct." A little later, when Longfellow has gone for the first time to that Europe which was to give him "background," Mr. Gorman reflects: "If Henry had been an authentic genius it would have been much better for him to have stayed in Maine minus those standards that are evolved by backgrounds and to have worked out his own destiny and developed an autochthonous achievement. But he is not an authentic genius."

Well, is not that the whole story? Longfellow was not a genius; he "was never mentally brave"; he was a prosy poet. It would be interesting if Mr. Gorman could prove that Longfellow was thus and so because he was a Victorian American, or because he was born in Maine in 1807; or because he was a professor at Harvard; or because he lived in one house too long. But he does not try, and—what is more serious—he does not try to explain Longfellow's failings through an examination of the works themselves. No definition of the creative instinct is supplied; no suggestion is made as to why the author of the Psalm of Life suffered from didacticism while the authors of "De Rerum Natura," "Paradise Lost," and the "Divine Comedy" grew great through the practice of it. So, except for the fact that Mr. Gorman has very engagingly retold the life of his subject, we are where we were before. A little patient thinking would have helped—and it might have revealed a great deal.

MARK VAN DOREN

Democracies at War

Soldiers and Statesmen: 1914-1918. By Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $12.

WHEN I first viewed these two large volumes I feared yet another of those bulky apologias, produced in dozens since the war ended, by soldiers and statesmen hoping to put themselves right with history. A course of such post-war literature makes nauseating reading. Never before have so many evasions, so many contradictions, so many shufflings from responsibility been gathered together. Fortunately, Sir William's book is not of this kind, but an honest and straightforward account of the development of British strategy during the war. In a style as dry and unemotional as that of an official dispatch he describes the innumerable councils in which soldiers and statesmen, professionals and amateurs, wrangled over the plans which meant life and death to hundreds of thousands. Far too often, in his opinion, the amateurs won the debate and lost the battle. He concludes, therefore, that if a modern democracy is to wage war successfully the respective functions of civilian ministers and military chiefs must be clearly defined.

During the Boer War Lord Salisbury remarked: "I do not think that the British Constitution as at present worked is a good fighting machine." Democracy has of course some military advantages—the willing horse, equipped with blinkers, is better fighting material than the driven ox—but a democratic government is a hindrance to soldiers waging war and a still greater hindrance in the preparation for war. In 1902 it was Robertson's business, as head of the Foreign Intelligence Department of the War Office, to scan the horizon for probable enemies. He picked Germany and in a memorandum to the government recommended: "That instead of regarding Germany as a possible ally we should recognize her as our most persistent, deliberate, and formidable rival." The Foreign Office conceived the same idea about the same time and, as the department of state least subject to democratic control, began to involve Britain in an anti-German alliance. The soldiers who saw how events were shaping urged on the government the necessity of adequate preparation. Their position was entirely logical. But the government, though prepared to follow a secret policy likely to lead to war, was not courageous enough to propose to the electorate that Britain convert herself into a military power on the continental model. According to Lord Asquith, any government making such a proposal "would have committed political suicide."

When the war came democracy was speedily thrown overboard. But sufficient of its trappings remained to embarrass the soldiers—the Cabinet system, for instance. For the general

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conduct of the war, for the coordination of the national effort in all its branches, the Cabinet was responsible. Robertson admitted this freely, but he thought that on questions of strategy the advice of the responsible professional head should be accepted. The troublesome question was: Where did policy end and strategy begin?

In 1915 the author became Chief of the Imperial General Staff. It was his business to control the operations of the British armies in all parts of the world. The correct strategy, in his view, was to concentrate all possible force on the Western Front and apply constant pressure there. Expeditions elsewhere he regarded as "side-shows" unlikely to have a decisive influence on the war. Defeat the enemy in France and he would be defeated everywhere. With all the very considerable pertinacity at his command he urged these views again and again despite their unpopularity in some quarters.

Now, whatever its merits, this policy was certainly not exciting and consequently did not appeal to Lloyd George. That agile-minded gentleman had probably never given a thought to military matters before the war. The limelight shone on other fields. But now he turned his imaginative powers to questions of strategy. The soldiers, he thought, lacked vision. Their policy of hammering away at the Western Front produced no apparent results save heavy casualty lists, which were politically undesirable. Surely there must be some way round—an easier, less expensive way. "Knock away Germany's props" and the Western Front would yield. To this end he planned new campaigns weekly; gigantic flanking movements through Asia Minor, the Balkans, the Italian Alps. At other times he urged the capture of cities which had dramatic if not military value—Jerusalem, Bagdad, Constantinople. But at no time did he heed the plea of Robertson to form a comprehensive policy and stick to it.

In this internal struggle between politicians and soldiers neither side won. The soldiers could not get a free hand; the politicians could not undertake the responsibility of entirely rejecting military advice. And so there were delay, inefficiency, waste of lives, while England somehow muddled through. Had the war continued an attempt might have been made to clear out the statesmen and set up a military dictatorship. Robertson never hints at the possibility or desirability of such a drastic step. Yet surely it would have been a logical one; and if there is any lesson that democracy ought to have learned from the war it is that war and democratic institutions are incompatible. "Soldiers and Statesmen" clearly, though unintentionally, points that moral, and, because of that, pacifists will render Sir William Robertson their unexpected thanks. KEITH HUTCHISON

The Holy War

Sex Expression in Literature. By V. F. Calverton. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

THE critical program set forth in this author's "The Newer Spirit" and in the present volume purports to be the "sociological criticism of literature." So far as it is a method and legitimate at all, it is limited. But Mr. Calverton is ambitious. He is not satisfied to trace out a simple parallelism between the structure of a society and the moral outlook of its literature; he argues that the social structure encompasses and exhausts, by means of some obscure metaphysical efficiency, the entire content of a literature. Literature, the effect, can be wholly explained in terms of society, the cause. Unless we are much mistaken, the prevalence of this type of vulgar thinking is a serious threat to the immediate future of literature. The proper limitation of Mr. Calverton's method would be simply to indicate a correlation between a society and its literature. He assumes instead a causal relation. The various refutations of this assumption are obvious.

First, although Mr. Calverton justly points out that the rise of the middle class in the eighteenth century was attended by the rise of sentimental comedy, he yet fails to tell us why one of these dramatists should be better than another. If there is a perfect causal relation between society and letters, why are not all writers equally good? Granting that the moral tendency of Defoe's writings came from the middle class, why did he describe in "Captain Singleton" the African wilderness, which he had never seen, just as he did rather than in some other way? The middle class had nothing whatever to do with the artistic effectiveness of such passages in his writing. Since the Elizabethans "expressed" (whatever that may mean) the ideas of the feudal aristocracy, why were not Chapman and Shakespeare, assuming their equal exposure to those ideas, equally good poets?

If Mr. Calverton could think as well as he can dig out correlations his books would rouse a certain legitimate interest. At worst they would sink into that class of "scholarly research" which turns the literature of the past into a parasitically infested corpse. Criticism need not be intellectually sound; it need only be novel. It may, of course, boldly espouse some cause.

For it is not only in mistaking correlations for causal relations that Mr. Calverton exceeds the integrity of scientific exposition. He misnames his books. The present volume should be called "Sex Expression in Society," with the quaint subtitle "As Recorded in Literature, Combined with a Defense of Freedom in Love and Speech." Mr. Calverton does not care a straw for literature. He quite simply prefers a social order in which fornication may be mentioned as freely as sneezing or football. This is Mr. Calverton's affair; it is none of literature's. But the chief inference one gets from this book is that the best writers are invariably engaged in a holy war on puritanism; this is the meaning which, God help us, he attaches to Joyce. As for this part of the "theory," it is sufficient to point out that Henry James was a better novelist than Floyd Dell. Mr. Calverton's method is too muddled to be valid and too shopworn to be new. He tosses complacently on the backwash of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment.

ALLEN TATE

The Democratic Ideal

The Democratic Way of Life. By Thomas Vernor Smith. The University of Chicago Press. $1.75.

THE democratic creed is based on a mystical faith in the potentialities of the ordinary man. Belief in democracy is a form of popular religion. It assumes that no individual is outside the pale of salvation. Self-realization is possible for all. The anti-democratic belief, on the other hand, substitutes for the mystical belief in the ordinary man a mystical distrust. Nature is held to be oligarchical and "history a good aristocrat." Regeneration is possible only for the few. The vast masses are fated only to obey. This, in the last analysis, is the issue between the Socialism of Sidney Webb and the Toryism of Lord Hugh Cecil. Both sides, it should be noted, are ultimately based upon mysticism, for the verifiable data underlying the issue are still meager.

It is the mysticism of democracy that Mr. Smith offers. Democracy, he says, is not, as Bryce suggested, merely a form of government; it is a way of life. The concentration of democratic theory on government is due to a realization that self-government is an essential means. The end, however, is not self-government but the good life for the bulk of the population. This wider meaning of democracy is best contained in the trinity of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Fraternity implies the extension to all humanity of the sense of kinship felt in the family circle. This consciousness of the brotherhood of man is also the central source of religion and is, in fact, necessitated by our universal interdependence. Liberty, in turn, means to do as one pleases, but the democratic ideal requires that the individ-

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ual should be pleased to do acts which are compatible with the interests of his fellows. Equality means equal opportunities for all for self-development, as all men must be considered potentially able to realize rational ends. This ideal postulates an approach to a greater economic equality.

Mr. Smith also discusses the problems of industry and leadership. The good life for the masses, he says, is impossible without a radical alteration in the conditions surrounding their working lives. The workers must hence be given active participation in the affairs of industry. This ideal also necessitates that greater attention should be given to making the productive process less monotonous and more capable of enlisting the interest of the workers. The cooperative sharing of common experience, the participation of all in the invention of new departures, the fostering of creation rather than acquisition, which now in the main actually exist in the professions, should be extended to all types of work. Leadership in a democracy must be based not on prestige but on knowledge of facts. Authority will thus rest on tests and measurements and not on esoteric claims. The ideal of democracy is to make each citizen both a leader and a follower, a leader in the special field which he has mastered and a follower of others in other fields.

The views that Mr. Smith offers are not novel; they are, in fact, the common possession of writers on social theory. Yet a vigorous summary of the theory of democracy is not irrelevant. In an age when democracy is so frequently questioned, it is pertinent to restate first principles. The extension by our author of the democratic creed to economic activity is especially commendable, for it is obvious that unless the principles of liberty and equality are given a wider signification than that given by the early philosophers of democracy, self-realization for the ordinary man will be impossible. In time of skepticism faith may be strengthened by a restatement of the creed, and this Mr. Smith's little volume has creditably achieved.

Yet it may also be suggested that more pertinent than a résumé of the democratic creed is the translation of that creed into institutions. Whether or not we accept the mysticism of democracy, the vast remoteness of the actual realization of democracy from its ideal purpose is unmistakable. If the ideal of democracy is capacity for sustained initiative on the part of the ordinary man, democracy is non-existent. The vast masses have neither the means nor the intelligence to realize their best selves. Politically what actually exists is not democracy in any real sense but the rule of oligarchy. It is thus the function of critical political philosophy not to elaborate the obvious but, among other things, to show concretely how to reconcile the demands of the "Great State" with the significance of the individual, how to equate mystical nationalism with the demands of an increasingly unified world, how to make self-government in industry compatible with productive efficiency, and how to give to the ordinary man the capacity of intelligent articulation so that he may recognize in others than Rudolph Valentino his ideal self. Only in the perspective of such a solution is it at all possible to visualize a realization of the noble ideal of democracy of "a society of free men and women, each at once ruling and being ruled."

LEWIS ROCKOW

Marmaduke Pickthall

The Valley of the Kings. By Marmaduke Pickthall. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN "Oriental Encounters" Marmaduke Pickthall told of his longing for escape from London and his dreams of the East at 18 years of age. Ultimately he did break away, to the scandal of all good Englishmen. At Jaffa he met J. E. Hanauer, whose "Folklore of the Holy Land" he was later to edit; and with his aid and that of a dragoman he learned Arabic and lived like a native. That is the background. Many men have done as much, and nothing has come of it aside from miscegenation. But Pickthall brought with him a mind ready for understanding—a mind already alien to England—and a style that responded to his mind. One of the results was "Saïd the Fisherman."

After six years, during which Pickthall published only two novels of the East, "The Valley of the Kings" appeared. If there remained any who thought "Saïd" had been a *tour de force*, they were quickly undeceived. Its successor is a lighter book, for most of the humor of "Saïd" was grim; but it has the same relentless fidelity to Eastern life and manners and turn of thought. Even the intrusion of an Englishman as one of the chief characters only serves to strengthen that faithfulness. We see him as he is reflected in the eyes of young Iskender, blinded by worship, and gradually he assumes his proper shape through his own words and actions; but poor Iskender goes on worshiping, never fully realizing that his idol is smashed.

Iskender lives in a small village of Syria, dreaming and painting while he is being prepared for the ministry by well-meaning Protestant missionaries. His mother's shrill, scolding voice, the cold eyes of the mission head, "Father of Ice," and the supervision of two ancient virgins do not offer him much inducement to continue on the path they point out to him. When he is dismissed from the mission for kissing the young Sitt Hilda while she is teaching him to use his paints, he attaches himself to an English traveler who has encouraged him in his painting; and together they go on a wild, disastrous chase after a gold-strewn valley whose existence is in the mind of Iskender.

The reader cannot fail to perceive Pickthall's criticism of Anglo-Saxons in the Orient, though this is never directly voiced. What a world it would be if nations like Great Britain and the United States were to send out men like Marmaduke Pickthall as emissaries to their conquered dependencies!

WILBUR NEEDHAM

The End of the Aztecs

Cortés the Conqueror. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

JUDGED either as history or as literature, this biography of the greatest of the Spanish conquistadores is a distinguished piece of work. Mr. Sedgwick has achieved the rare and delightful combination of eminently capable historical research with an alert and fluent style. He has worked conscientiously from original sources, yet his writing has the swing and the unity that one hopes for, too often in vain, from the popular biographers.

He defends Cortés against the charges traditionally brought against him of cruelty, corruption, lust, and trickery, and this not by attempting to whitewash him but by showing that, granted the aims of the Spaniards, such methods were inevitable and that Cortés's great genius consisted of his ability to use them in moderation and with telling effect. That Cortés was endowed with a gift for organization, with a dexterity in handling men, and with a tactical genius equal to that of Napoleon or Caesar is the sole conclusion to be drawn from the author's carefully documented study.

Mr. Sedgwick not only succeeds in presenting Cortés for the first time as a human being and, as such, fascinating if not admirable, but he also gives us an unequaled knowledge and understanding of the atmosphere of the Spanish conquest—of the miserly and superstitious incompetence of the Spanish councils, of the gay, reckless, undisciplined courage of the adventurers themselves, and of the tragic yet, one feels, predestined fate of the native Aztecs, so dignified, so civilized, and so inexplicably childish. As to the latter one eyewitness quoted by Mr. Sedgwick reports: "There are jewelry shops as well arranged as in any market-place anywhere; the earthenware and crockery are as good as the best in Spain; there are shops

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for wood, coals, edible herbs, and herbs for drugs. There is a kind of barber-shop where there is shaving and heads are washed; there are baths." Soldiers who had been in Constantinople, in Rome, and all over Europe declared that they had never seen so large a market-place with such a throng or with one so well managed. It is difficult to think calmly of the annihilation of such a people by the advance guard of our civilization. CLEVELAND B. CHASE

Novels in Brief

Ninth Avenue. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Granted that New York is the city of opportunity and that Ninth Avenue is within easy walking distance of achievement, one still finds the rise of Mr. Bodenheim's heroine somewhat precipitate. Having resigned as cashier at a lunch counter, she steps—without apprenticeship—into the business of giving "waves" in a beauty parlor, and then, almost before one realizes it, she is writing for the magazines. Her love life, on the other hand—and that is the novelist's chief concern—is beset with discouragements and minor disasters. Several of her romances are wrecked by sordid mishaps, and in the end she is about to marry a man with colored blood. Mr. Bodenheim has a good ear for contemporary American speech, and he draws shopgirls, cabaret performers, and metropolitan loafers with lifelike vigor. But his novels are like the earliest bicycles—a big wheel of melodrama and a tiny wheel of poetry—with Mr. Bodenheim perched high and pedaling hard.

Trail-Makers of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

While it does not attain to the level of excellence which characterized "A Son of the Middle Border," this novel is of kindred mood. It possesses a certain sturdy narrative integrity —sometimes plodding and sometimes poetic—and it earnestly seeks to recapture the flavor of life by honest—rather than melodramatic—devices.

The Fiddler in Barly. By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

No doubt Mr. Nathan's characters are like nobody on earth, but granting that, they still possess a reality much greater than that of many fictional persons less eccentric and more rational. They may adhere to a Barrie-like logic and their thoughts may be as elfish as anything in James Stephens, but one believes in them nevertheless. Mr. Nathan creates a world in which they are perfectly at home, and the reader is only too eager to take out citizenship papers in it. One would like to have them as neighbors—even Mr. Shrub, the postmaster, who "sold his stamps and penny postals with a sort of solemn joy as though they were tickets to somewhere." Barly is a fantastic little community, but never a dull one.

Goodbye, Stranger. By Stella Benson. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

This novel is a game of tag between mysticism and satire, but the reader is never invited to take part in it, and Miss Benson seems to resent his presence even as a spectator. It is a puzzling game to begin with, and nobody stops to explain the rules. About all that the persistent reader gets out of the story is a murky and erratic sense of fantasy, punctuated—but not illuminated—by thrusts at America.

Tides. By Ada and Julian Street. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

One could be more enthusiastic about this story of the soil if less of the soil were in the form of real estate. No doubt the growth of Chicago is significant as the reflection of an era of American expansion, but in "Tides" the theme is handled with documentary thoroughness rather than dramatic effectiveness. The authors have drawn a number of interesting characters, but one has to plow through so much sociology to follow them.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of $50 and a third prize of $25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Music

A Few Happy Moments

CONTRARY to general opinion even critics have their happy moments when on duty. Some of these come when an artist fulfils their expectations, and others again when the artist exceeds them. Several years ago, for instance, I stated in these very columns that Sophie Braslau held within her voice and herself all the ingredients that go to the making of the great artist. And recently she came very near the peak of realization. Where the voice was once hampered in production it had now won its freedom and, with it, the brilliant height, the 'cello medium and depth, and the flexible, lustrous texture that make the pure alto the richest as it is the rarest of voices. Where, too, the singer herself used to be possessed by its emotional content she now controls its utterance with an inward poise that points the beauty of the sound as well as its meaning. Only occasionally do the old harshness and exaggerations appear; and as they are only occasional, one can well lay them now to nerves rather than to habit. It was not only the best recital Miss Braslau has ever given, but one of the best vocal recitals heard here in many moons. One may even go farther and say that it stamped Sophie Braslau as the greatest contralto of her generation.

Gitta Gradova is another artist who has justified my faith. Three years ago I acclaimed her in print as a great pianist. This year I heard a Philharmonic audience repeat this acclamation in applause. It was her first appearance in this city with orchestra, and she was happy in the choice of her offering —Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto. Its passionate lyricism seemed to have found a perfect medium in her art. I cannot indeed remember ever hearing this work played with such a singing fire, or the second movement with such exquisite sensitiveness. With it all, Miss Gradova has grown. Musical understanding has always been hers; but with it now has come the authority and grasp of a rich nature that has found itself.

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Genius is an intangible substance that cannot be measured by years, as little Shura Cherkassky proves again. Ever since he was ten, he has been charming American audiences with his playing of the piano. At that tender age, enthusiasts in Baltimore, where he was then living, even compared him, because of his poetic fire, to the youthful Paderewski. Today at thirteen—or is it fourteen?—he is less poetic and more of a Josef Hofmann, with whom he is now studying. And meanwhile criticism rages around him because he is sharing that study with public playing. But after all it is notorious that critics who not usually come from the ranks of public performers. If they were they would realize that one learns as much again from the public as one does in the studio. Moreover, a break now would mean years of agony later to get back into the routine of public playing. And besides, a genius as mature as Shura's is difficult to gauge. Are there not those who tell us that Heifetz was as mature at twelve as he was at seventeen?

Genius can be as elusive as it is intangible. There is, for instance, Nicolai Orloff—a young man who looks not unlike Charlie Chaplin and who is supposed to be the greatest pianist in Russia. This same incongruity invests his playing, which has the fire of the Slav and the restraint of the Anglo-Saxon, and while as unsentimental as a modern Russian marriage is poetic to the last note. A prodigious technic tempered by a delicious touch completes a musical personality that defies classification.

To the small number of great violin talents must be added that of Frances Berkova, a Russian-California girl still in her teens, who made her New York debut a short time ago. It was the most successful of its kind of the season, and one richly deserved. Her broad, luscious tone and fiery temperament would alone arrest attention. But slow movements, the test of the musician, are her crowning achievements; and I am still haunted by the smooth beauty of her legato passages. She is that rare thing, a *musical* prodigy! Among the even smaller number of great 'cellists must now be classed Maurice Maréchal. A rich tone, a fiery temperament, and a virtuoso technic, graced by refinement of phrasing and style, proclaimed him an artist of the first rank. Even his program was a delight.

M. Salignac's French company of Opéra-Comique has given pleasure beyond all expectation. The first two operas presented, Lecoq's "Giroflé-Girofla" and Audran's "La Mascotte," still hold their sparkle after fifty years, and the singers themselves live up to this quality. It is more than mere amusement that they give us. Their art belongs to a school of opera that is classic of its kind; and the traditions around it have sprung from that peculiar ability of the French to skate over the thin ice of vulgarity without breaking through. To ignore these traditions is to court disaster, as the American alternates of the French company quickly learned. Broadway methods, as their failure proclaimed, have no place in the exquisite gaiety of Opéra-Comique. But Opéra-Comique apparently has a place on Broadway.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

The Easiest Way

THERE were those who maintained that Sydney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" was much overpraised and that its virtues were exclusively theatric. I was not among them, but a similar charge may be brought with a good deal more show of reason against his new and stirring melodramatic comedy, "Ned McCobb's Daughter" (John Golden Theater), which the Guild has just produced. Here is a play centering about a definite theme and marked by excellent characterization, but one which, nevertheless, steadily degenerates as it goes along because at every turn the author takes the easiest way and ends in sheer melodrama. Beginning with a first act which makes a considerable appeal to the head, he ends with a last one which affects the spine alone.

Seized by a somewhat unfashionable admiration for the New England conscience and convinced that even a stubborn, unimaginative code of honor is better than none at all, he has wished to contrast the character of a shrewd daughter of Maine with that of a typical product of the polyglot slums of New York, where, according to his thesis at least, conditions leave no fundamental sense of decency in those who survive the rough-and-tumble life. In order to bring the two together he has invented a story in which the New England girl is married to a fugitive from justice, and for a time all goes well. The keen, crisp speech of Maine, contrasting with the uncouth guttural jargon of New York, serves as a sort of symbol of the two traditions, and so, too, does the equally violent disparity between the prim decorum of the one character and the boisterous vulgarity of the other. Unfortunately, however, the mere machinery of the plot gradually usurps more and more the attention of the author, and its merely melodramatic interest gradually destroys all quieter values. Forced to choose between the difficult task of keeping up the tension by means of events which take their interest from their relevance to the theme and the easier one of relying upon conventionally melodramatic situations, he chooses the latter. Bootleggers descend upon the quiet household; government agents burst in at appropriately inappropriate moments; plots and counterplots are formed; and by the time the end is in sight the spectator has lost all other concern in a nervous fear lest Virtue shall not be found to hold the trump card. To be sure, Virtue does hold it; but by the time it is played affairs have got into so complicated a state that one is not quite sure just why it beats all others, and one is compelled to leave the theater without any emotion more definite than that involved in a comfortable assurance that, anyway, it all turned out for the best. The honor of the simple country girl has been saved from the machinations of the city villain (the exigencies of melodrama have simplified the two characters who started out so well into types little more complex than here indicated), and the bootleggers are compelled to go elsewhere to ply their nefarious trade.

From the standpoint of the average theatergoer all this is doubtless no defect. The beginning of the play is not stereotyped; it merely slides by slow stages into the agreeably conventional. But from the standpoint of the critical spectator this is not less than distressing, and though as plays go "Ned McCobb's Daughter" is both good and probably destined to considerable success, it will add more to its author's bank account than to his reputation as a serious American dramatist.

On the whole, the production which the Guild has given it is more consistently good than the play. Alfred Lunt, as the bootlegger, gives one of the richest and most full-blooded performances of his career in a part somewhat different from those he is accustomed to play, and Claire Eames is almost equally good in a role which, fortunately, depends less than most of her recent ones upon the exploitation of certain mannerisms which seemed to me less perpetually delightful than they seemed to some others. On a somewhat different level the performance of Margalo Gillmore is also good. Miss Gillmore is a charming young lady who has always been pleasing in straight ingenue parts, but who here undertakes character. In comparison with Mr. Lunt and Miss Eames she is deficient in technique, but she has obvious talent.

At the present moment France is represented by two more or less official ambassadors to Broadway—Mme Cecile Sorel of the Comédie Française at the Cosmopolitan Theater and Mlle Jenny Syril of the Opéra Comique at the Jolson. As an actress Sorel is, of course, a museum piece—remarkably fine in her genre but part of a dead tradition and as out of place on the contemporary New York stage as a Louis Quinze bed in a co-operative apartment. Those who like modern Broadway operetta will find "The Desert Song" (Casino Theater) well and lustily sung. Its source is the recently popular tradition of manly music with lots of soldiers' choruses and other booming melodies.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Opposition in the Soviet Union

THE question of the opposition within the Soviet Union Communist Party was discussed at length at the recent party conference in Moscow. Stalin delivered a report on the relations between the party and the Opposition Bloc; Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Trotzky attempted to explain and justify the opposition position, at the same time declaring their loyalty to the party as a whole. Following are brief excerpts from the stenographic reports of the discussion as it was printed in Moscow newspapers during the week of November 12.

From Stalin's Report

The basic question on which the party differs with the opposition bloc is the question whether the victory of socialism is possible in our country, or, which is the same, what is the character and what are the perspectives of our revolution?

There are three questions involved:

1. Is the victory of socialism possible in our country in view of the fact that so far ours is the only country with a proletarian dictatorship?

2. If this victory is possible, can it be considered a complete, a final victory?

3. If a victory of this kind cannot be considered as final, what conditions are imperative if this victory is to become final? . . . The fact that the imperialist front gave way in connection with the imperialist war in Russia shows that, as capitalism develops now, the imperialist front can be broken, not only in a country with a highly developed industry but in a country where the proletariat, in its struggle against the imperialist power, has a strong ally such as the Russian peasantry. . . .

In 1921, when we introduced the new economic policy, Lenin repeatedly declared in his speeches and articles that, by introducing the "Nep," we were not retreating from our program but proceeding under new conditions to lay the "socialist foundation of our economic development," "in union with the peasantry," "under the leadership of the working class." . . .

As if in reply to this, Comrade Trotzky, in January, 1922, published the Introduction to his book "1905," in which he says that socialism cannot be established in our country in union with the peasantry, since the life of our country will develop along the lines of hostile conflicts between the working class and the peasantry, until the proletariat is victorious in the West. . . .

We thus have two points of view on the questions of the possibility of building up socialism in our country and the victory of the socialist elements of our economy over the capitalist elements. Leninism offers a positive solution to this question. Trotzkism, however, denies the possibility of socialism winning in our country through the inner forces of our revolution. If the first is the line of our party, the other line represents an approach to the views of the Social Democrats.

. . . We are in a position to . . . achieve a victory over our own capitalists, we are in a position to build up socialism. But this does not mean that we are in a position to *insure* the country of the proletarian dictatorship against the outside menaces, against the danger of intervention and the restoration following in its wake. . . . We live in capitalist surroundings. The fact that we are building socialism and are thus revolutionizing the workers of the capitalist countries cannot but stimulate the hatred and hostility of the whole capitalist world. Therefore, as long as we remain in capitalist surroundings, as long as the proletariat has not been victorious at least in a number of countries, we cannot consider our victory as final, whatever our successes. . . .

Discussing the differences in matters of practical policy, Stalin continues:

The party considers that in its general policy, particularly in its economic policy, it must be guided by the principle that there should not be a division between agriculture and industry. Hence, our socialist method of industrializing the country through the constant improvement of the material conditions of the laboring masses, including the peasantry.

. . . The basic advantage of the socialist as opposed to the capitalist method is expressed in the fact that it leads toward the unity of the interests of industrialization and the interests of the laboring strata of the population, that it expands the internal market. Hence the idea of the junction of the socialist industry with the peasant economy—in the first place through the mass cooperation of the peasantry—the idea of the directing role of industry in relation to agriculture. Hence our taxation policy, and the policy of lowering the prices of industrial commodities, etc., taking account of the importance of maintaining economic cooperation between the proletariat and the peasantry. The opposition bloc, on the other hand, starts from the premise that industry is in opposition to agriculture and blunders along the road of detaching industry from agriculture. . . .

Concerning the attitude of the party toward the opposition, Stalin declares:

In accepting the thesis dealing with the opposition bloc, the October plenum of the Central Committee and the Central Control Commission had in mind not repression but the necessity of carrying on an educational campaign against the unrescinded errors of the opposition for which it is prepared to continue the fight within the limits of the statutes, as was announced by the opposition in its declaration of October 16.

Extracts from Kamenev's Speech

Two weeks ago the Central Committee accepted with satisfaction the declaration of a number of members of the C. C. and the party newspaper on the following day stated that the communication of the Central Committee and our own declaration were "historical documents." . . . This declaration which summed up a very serious period in our inner party history, was actuated not by any maneuvering but by our understanding of the situation in the party, by our realizing what the rank and file of the party demanded of us. For us it is a political document, an obligation which we have assumed before the central institutions of the party, before the whole party, and before all the proletarian masses. . . .

I take the resolution proposed by Comrade Rykov on the economic situation. I read there: "We must in the shortest possible time strive to overtake and then to surpass the level of industrial development in the leading capitalistic countries." I ask: Is this correct? And I answer: Absolutely correct. But why is it imperative? Because only by overtaking and surpassing the level of development in the capitalist countries will we be able to prove the actual superiority of the socialist economy over the capitalist economy. . . . That means that you recognize this pace as imperative, just as we do, and the non-accomplishment of this task is fraught with some danger and difficulties. Military intervention is not the only obstacle to the building up of a complete socialist society; another is failure in this task of keeping up with the level of capitalist countries. . . .

Once the proletarian dictatorship is accomplished in a country with a majority peasant population . . . we have to face the conclusion that the lower ranks of the state authority will not be in the hands of the factory proletariat but in the hands of the peasants. [Disturbance. Interruption from the floor: "Do you propose to take the workers from the factories and send them into the village soviets?"] Permit me to ask you, comrades: Is this a fact? If you have a hundred million

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asant population and if you carry out a correct line of soviet mocracy, then it is inevitable. A proper policy would consist t in denying the fact but in extending the leadership of the oletariat in those lower branches of the soviet authority hich inevitably are being taken over by the peasantry. . . .

We thought that the party was wrong in its estimation the concrete class relations in our country in 1925. It emed to us that a number of comrades and particularly the ess were underestimating the processes which were taking ace not within the socialist but within the capitalist sector of ir economy.

In order to carry out a correct taxation policy it is necesary that the party recognize two things. First, that the owth of private capitalist accumulation both in the cities id in the villages is a fact. Second, that the matter of the distribution of the national income, that is moving accumuted wealth from the capitalist sector into the sector of state dustry, is a question of class struggle.

In his concluding remarks Kamenev said:

I ask: Is it possible to confine our existing differences ithin the limits of our common work and our joint responbility for the work of the party? We declare: It is both ossible and necessary. You must be aware, comrades, that y adopting the resolution about our "Social Democratic deviaon" you are making it more difficult. But we, on our part, re prepared for practical work on the bases of the decisions the congresses, of the Central Committee, and of the conerences of the party, and to subject all our activities to the upreme principle of the unity of the party and the strengthing of its dictatorship. . . . We consider that to defend ir opinions is our duty as Communists, but that to submit party discipline, to carry the responsibility for the common ork of the party, is also a duty which we will fulfil.

From the Speech by Trotzky

The resolution accuses the opposition, including myself, of Social-Democratic deviation. . . . I must state that the uestions of difference and our position in these questions give bsolutely no basis for accusing us of a "Social-Democratic eviation."

We have disagreed first of all on the question, What is he danger that menaces us at present? Is it the danger of alling behind in our state industries or the danger of growing oo fast? The opposition, including myself, has maintained that he real danger before us is the danger of our state industries alling behind the development of our national economy as a hole. We have pointed out that in view of the existing policy the matter of the distribution of the national income this disarity may increase.

We have disagreed on the pace of industrialization and I as one of those who pointed out that the present pace is insufficient; this . . . lends particular importance to the rocess of class differentiation in the village. . . . We ave striven for a more elastic taxation policy for the various trata of the villages, the lowering of taxes for the lower yers of the middle peasantry, increasing them for the richer pper strata of the middle peasantry, and a more energetic xertion of pressure upon the *fists*, particularly along the lines f their union with trade capital.

We said that the growth of differentiation in the village, s long as industry is dragging behind, creates the necessity f double guaranties in the political field, i. e., under no circumtances can we tolerate the widening of the voting rights for he *fists*, employers, and exploiters even of the small type.

There were differences on the question of wages. We hought, and we still think, that at the present stage of the evelopment of our industry, of our economy, at the level already chieved, the worker cannot first increase his productivity, and ius make possible an increase of wages, but that the system ust be the reverse: an increase in wages, even a modest one, must precede the increase in the productivity. [Interruption from the floor: "Where will the money come from?"] Whether this is right or wrong, there is nothing Social-Democratic in it.

We argued, further, against the overestimation of the economic elements of stabilization [of capitalism in Europe] and against the underestimation of its political elements. If we should ask, let us say, in relation to England, in what ways her economic stabilization is expressing itself at present, we should find that she is deteriorating, that her trade balance is unfavorable, that her foreign trade is diminishing, that her production is falling. Such is the economic "stabilization" of England. But what is it that sustains bourgeois England? It is not Baldwin, not even Thomas, but Purcell. The Purcell attitude is the foundation of the present "stabilization" in England. This is why we believe that, in the face of the working masses who carried out the general strike, for us to solidarize ourselves with Purcell directly or indirectly would be utterly wrong. Therefore we demanded the breaking up of the Anglo-Russian committee. From these differences, from the position we defended during these differences . . . it is impossible to construe a Social-Democratic deviation. . . .

In the latter part of his speech Trotzky considered the possibility of building and maintaining socialism in one country alone.

. . . It is not only a question of intervention. . . . Intervention is war, and war is the continuation of politics through different means, and politics are generalized economics. Accordingly, the question concerns the economic relations of the Soviet Union with the capitalist countries. . . .

I shall ask you, comrades, and this is a fundamental point: What is going to happen to Europe while we are building our socialist society? You say: We will build up socialism in our country independently of what is happening in Europe. All right. How much time do we need for the building up of socialism? Lenin figured that in twenty years we would not be able to build up socialism, considering the backwardness of our peasant country. . . . Let us accept thirty to fifty years as a minimum. Now, I ask you, what is going to happen in Europe during this time? I cannot give a prognosis for our country without giving a prognosis for Europe as well. . . . If you think that in the course of thirty to fifty years the European proletariat will seize the power as a matter of course, then there is no discussion. . . . Do you think that capitalism will find a new dynamic equilibrium, do you think that European capitalism is in a position to insure for itself a new period of growth, a duplication of the process which was in existence before the imperialist war? If we should consider this possible (and I believe that capitalism has no such chance) this would mean that capitalism . . . had not exhausted its historical mission, that it was not an imperialistic deteriorating capitalism but a growing capitalism, advancing economically and culturally. But this would signify that we [the Soviet Union] had arrived too early. . . .

I maintain that there are no theoretical or political reasons to believe that it will be easier for us to build up socialism with the peasantry than for the European proletariat to seize the power.

No, the chances are entirely on the side of the European proletariat. But if this is so, then I ask: Why are these two elements put in opposition to each other, why are they not united as "two conditions," as Lenin does? Why do we need a theoretical admission of the possibility of building up socialism in one country alone? . . . I still think that the victory of socialism in our country can be insured only with victorious revolution of the European proletariat.

The adoption of the proposed resolution, in our view, will be harmful. But as far as I can judge the attitude of the comrades of the so-called opposition, the adoption of the resolution will not move us from the line [expressed in the declaration] of October 16. . . : Each of us, without minimizing

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the differences—there are differences—will endeavor to confine these differences within the boundaries of uninterrupted work and the common responsibility for the policies of the party.

EXTRACTS FROM STALIN'S CLOSING SPEECH

. . . I must say that none of the definitions of our differences given by the opposition at this conference is either objective or complete. You want to know, comrades of the opposition, what are our practical differences, what the party demands of you?

The party cannot and does not intend to tolerate a situation in which each time a member finds himself in the minority he comes out into the streets and declares a crisis in the party. . . . The party cannot and will not permit a member who fails to obtain a majority within the party to assemble all sorts of dissatisfied elements as a material for a new party. . . .

We know that there are great difficulties to be met in building up a social system. We see these difficulties and we are able to overcome them. We would welcome every assistance on the part of the opposition in the work of surmounting these difficulties. But the party cannot and will not tolerate attempts to use these difficulties to make our situation worse and to attack the party. . . .

The party is aware . . . that the development of industrialization and the building of socialism are possible only with the uninterrupted material and cultural improvement of the position of the working class. The party is adopting and will adopt all measures to improve the material and cultural position of the working class. But the party cannot and will not tolerate it if the opposition comes out with demagogic declarations in favor of immediate increase of wages by 30 to 40 per cent, when they know perfectly well that industry is not in a position to advance wages to such a degree at the present moment; when they know that such demagogic declarations have for their aims not the improvement of the position of the working class but the cultivation of dissatisfaction among the backward elements of the laboring classes. . . .

The party cannot and will not tolerate it if the opposition continues to break up the bases of the union of the workers and peasants by propaganda for raising industrial prices and increasing the pressure of taxes on the peasantry, attempting to "construe" the relations between the proletariat and peasantry not as relations of economic collaboration but as relations of the exploitation of the peasantry by the proletarian state.

Contributors to This Issue

EUGENE LYONS wrote Second-Generation Aliens in *The Nation* of April 25, 1923.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, resumes in this issue his biweekly letters from Washington.

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CLEVELAND B. CHASE is the author of "Young Voltaire."

HENRIETTA STRAUS, for several years a writer on music for *The Nation*, is preparing a book for publication.

Mr. EDWARD W. TITUS, publisher, of 4, Rue Delambre, Paris XIV, France, invites subscriptions to the autographed de luxe edition, limited to 500 copies for America and not to be printed there, of

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